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Mostly about People

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Warren G. Harding

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH PRESIDENT
OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA



Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

Humanity Has Lost a Friend

WHEN the shocking news of the President's sudden and totally unexpected death reached Washington, a wave of sorrow almost unexampled in the nation's history passed over. It was as though the Dread Angel had come to each home—be it high or lowly—and taken from it a beloved member of the household. This was the universal feeling—a visible sense of sudden personal loss that showed how deeply Warren G. Harding had endeared himself to everyone. It seemed not so much an expression of concern because the chief executive of the country had suddenly been taken from the midst of his important duties, as a spontaneous outburst of personal grief.

As the widespread expressions of sorrow and sympathy began to come by telephone and telegram and letters from every city and town and village throughout the United States it became evident that overnight we had become a nation of mourners, and as our great loss began to be more fully realized, the place that the wise and kindly and gentle-mannered man from Marion had builded in the hearts of the public was made manifest.

Party or creed, age or color or sex, native-born or lately come from Europe's shores—it was all the same; they had lost a friend, and they mourned together as the members of one great family, greatly bereaved.

Quietly, gently, unobtrusively, Warren Harding had been weaving himself into the very warp and woof of the social fabric of the nation. He was literally a friend to everybody—in the highest sense of that much-abused word. He had the good of the people at large very much at heart; not any particular class or section, but the country and the people as a whole. He was perhaps the poorest politician who ever became President. Political expediency was something with which he was not acquainted. The right, as he saw it, was his sole objective—the greatest good for the greatest number. He had an exalted idea of the duty that he owed humanity because of his selection for the high position that he held. He believed that he had been appointed to be a President for all the people, and that the least considered member—from a worldly standpoint—of his great family had as much right to his time and attention as the most exalted. This was a very marked trait of President Harding's personal attitude toward the multitude of people with whom he came in contact. Always he was thoughtful, kind and considerate toward those who are most easily pushed aside. For this fine and human quality he will be chiefly and longest remembered. He was a good man because he feared God. He was great because he was humble. He was humble because he was great. The tears of the nation that mourns his untimely passing were the finest and the greatest tribute that could possibly have been paid to his memory.



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Mrs. Warren G. Harding, widow of the late President, to whom the hearts of the millions of people who make up the Nation go out in deepest sympathy for her bereavement

DURING the past few months the old and ever-disturbing question of the twelve-hour day in the iron and steel industry has come again to the fore. This time with strong evidence of an intention by all the parties concerned to abolish the long work-day in the last of the industries to cling to this un-American practice.

Public sentiment in this country is strongly against the long work-day—and public sentiment in the long run has its way. The twelve-hour day prevailed for many years in the cotton mills, an inheritance from the mother country, along with the skilled workmen and workwomen from Lancaster and Tine-Side who helped to build in New England in the period of reconstruction following the Civil War an industry rivalling in quantity of production and quality of product that of England herself—then as now the greatest cotton manufacturing country in the world.

Only within very recent years have the cotton mills swung into line with the movement for the shorter work day that has prevailed quite generally in most of the other industries for a generation.

Public sentiment brought about the shorter work day in the cotton mills, as apparently it is bringing it about in the iron and steel mills.

And from a humanitarian standpoint both of these achievements mark a distinct advance along the pathway of human progress. Curiously enough—considering that it is always the public who pays the cost—public sentiment is always and only concerned with the humanitarian side of the question, apparently always ignoring or forgetting the economic side.

Whether altruism or ignorance—ignorance that is, of immutable economic laws—is responsible for this peculiar dem-

onstration of mass psychology it would doubtless be difficult to determine.

We hear and we read complaints from all quarters against the constantly increasing cost of living—the difficulty of "making both ends meet." And this is a very real and not a fancied condition with which the average wage-earner is faced—the inevitable result of the relentless operation of that law that takes no cognizance of human heedlessness or ignorance or greed.

We are so closely bound together by the bonds of industry and trade—so much dependent upon the product of each others' labor for the food we eat, the books we read, the clothes we wear, the houses that we live in—for each and every thing of a material nature that enters into our daily life that any improvement in the social status of any class of the community imposes a direct tax upon its remaining classes. And as each class in turn improves its living conditions by way of shorter days of labor or increased rates of pay, the remainder of the community joins together to meet the cost of that improved condition.

And so, when the eight-hour day in the iron and steel mills becomes an accomplished fact, those of us who are making shoes or hats or mouse traps or raising radishes, will be assessed to pay the difference in the cost of making iron and steel in an eight-hour day instead of in a twelve-hour day. Judge Gary estimated that increase at fifteen per cent—at the mills. On the counter of the hardware store where we buy our nails and screen-door hinges it may and probably will amount to twenty-five per cent at least.

If it follows the course of the tax imposed upon the public to finance the increase in wages for the coal miners of Pennsylvania and West Virginia, it will amount to something resembling fifty per cent. So we had all better stock up with nails and screen door hinges and scissors and kitchen sinks at their present prices.



THREE is much food for sober thought in what Senator Johnson of California had to say about Europe's mental reaction to the participation of America in European affairs, at the dinner given in his honor in New York on the evening of July 25th to mark the occasion of his return from an extended tour of Europe.

If the Senator has correctly gauged the feeling across the water, Europe, as a whole, is extremely anxious to get her hands on as many American dollars as possible, by any means that offer; and would like to have her join the League of Nations to insure the presence of American soldiers in Europe when the next great war happens—but as for allowing her to meddle with European politics or interfere with their little fights among themselves—well, their lips are cracked and it hurts them to laugh; else they might more freely express their inner feelings.

As he sees it:

"It is not American wisdom that France and England want. Let us not permit our vanity and egotism to fool us. The United States is the world's largest reservoir of money and the world's largest reservoir of potential military man power.

"I do not for an instant believe that Europe will degenerate into chaos. Wars there will be while antagonistic races with burning unabated hatreds face each other across imaginary boundary lines. I saw no evidence of chaos in Europe, but I saw plain evidence of future conflict. Another bloody war is in the making. I would prevent it if I could; but if that bloody war is no concern of ours and comes from causes of which we are no part, I would not send a single American soldier again across the seas."

A few million patriotic American citizens will heartily concur with Senator Johnson on this latter point.

Unlike some recently returned observers of Old World economic and political chaotic conditions, he does not look upon the United States in the role of Europe's potential saviour.

"I do not share," he said, "the view either of America's capacity to save Europe or of Europe's incapacity to save itself. European intelligence solved previous situations—such as the ghastly one that followed the thirty years' war—with any help from the United States and often without even the comfort of knowing that there ever was going to be a United States."

He is pessimistic too upon another moot question now somewhat engaging the public mind:

"The World Court is an utterly futile agency for peace—it cannot and it will not prevent wars, and it does not pretend, either in its organization or in its operation, to do so."

"It has jurisdiction of nothing, except what countries may choose to submit to it. The four great members, Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan, have specifically declined to submit to its compulsory jurisdiction."

"Its genesis is the League of Nations. It is a part of the machinery of the league. It is the advisory body of the league. Its opinions are based upon the prerogatives of the league. The law of the league is in reality the law of the court, and behind the league, controlling and directing it, are the chancellories of Europe, with their secret diplomacy, their selfishness and cupidity and their hideous schemes of exploitation and conquest."

Whether Senator Johnson is wrong or right in his expressed ideas, and whether he has or has not correctly interpreted Europe's mental attitude toward the United States, time alone will tell—but in the present unsettled condition of world affairs we are reminded of that legendary citizen of Missouri who accumulated a considerable amount of this world's goods by strictly minding his own business.



THE popular Senatorial summer sport for the season of 1923—judging from the number of participants—has been "investigating" Europe. The results of these "investigations" are now beginning to appear in the public prints—and should, judging from what interviews have already appeared, add much to our bewilderment concerning European affairs.

The wide variance in the opinions advanced by these "observers" regarding "what's the matter with Europe?" reminds us of the story (which so far, we believe, Irvin Cobb has not told) about the reporter for a Boston newspaper who took his



The editorial desk in the office of the Marion "Star," at which Warren G. Harding worked for many years while he was slowly but surely building up an influential newspaper



Office building of the Marion "Star," from which came forth a man as great as he was humble, to take the supremest gift within the power of the greatest Republic in the world's history to bestow

modest pocket timepiece into a certain sublimated watch emporium on Summer Street, laid it on the counter and said: "My watch don't run."

The dignified and austere horological expert who attended him peered into the most secret recesses of the reporter's timepiece through his magnifying glass and announced that it needed cleaning, a new mainspring, two new jewels and adjusting.

The total charge would be nine dollars.

This being about two dollars more than the watch was worth, the knight of the Fourth Estate took it around the corner to a Washington Street watchmaker, laid it on the counter and said: "My watch don't run."

Here the diagnosis of the expert was equally serious—though totally at variance with that of the Summer Street expert—and the cost for putting the watch in running order would be seven dollars and fifty cents.

This sum still being a half dollar in excess of a fair valuation of the time-piece itself, the scribe hied himself to a flamboyant watch, jewelry and diamond establishment in Scollay Square, and secured an expert diagnosis of the reason why his watch did not run, with the information that five dollars and seventy-five cents' worth of labor and parts would make it a practically new timepiece.

This price seemed more in keeping with the intrinsic value of the watch—but as their expert's expressed opinion of the reason for its lack of "pep" was widely divergent from the two expert opinions he had already received, the reporter, being like all good newspaper men an earnest seeker for truth, decided to accumulate a few more diagnostic opinions from those persons best qualified to advise him upon the subject of his watch's apparent disinclination to function in its appointed way.

He wanted to satisfy the doubt that was arising in his mind regarding the value and exactitude of expert opinions in the matter. He did not want to sanction an operation for adenoids if bilious fever was the real ailment. Also it seemed likely that by looking around a bit, he might get a lower price.

So for some weeks this earnest seeker after truth went about the highways and byways of the business section of the Hub and wherever he saw a watchmaker's sign hanging above a door he entered, laid his watch upon the counter and said: "My watch don't run." This one unvarying statement, and nothing more.

The results of his quest were interesting. He accumulated more expert opinions of why his watch did not run than would



The Harding residence at Marion, Ohio, on the front porch of which Warren G. Harding conducted his Presidential campaign, and to which the children of the neighborhood were wont to bring their small affairs for his grave consideration

fill a good-sized book. If all the new parts suggested as being necessary to restore his watch to normal had been assembled in one pile it would have been possible to construct from them enough watches to supply the normal demand for pocket time-pieces in Kokomo, Indiana, for seven months, three weeks and two and a half days.

The prices quoted for the labor of restoring his quiescent timepiece to its pristine vigor varied from one dollar and twenty-five cents to nine dollars.

But finally the long search was ended. After weeks of weary tramping about the tortuous paved ways that marked the wanderings of the first cow paths in New England, the reporter entered a little hole-in-the-wall watchmaker's shop on Salem Street presided over by an aged, black-skull-capped, be-spectacled, be-whiskered Hebrew who glanced inquiringly over the tops of his spectacles at his Gentile visitor.

The reporter laid his watch upon the counter with the customary formula: "My watch don't run."

The wise man from the East picked it up, shook it gently as he held it to his ear, wound it carefully and handed it back over the counter.

"My friendt," he said dryly, "dot's a perfectly goot watch—but he won't run if you don't vind him up."

We are beginning to entertain a suspicion that Europe may be a perfectly good place, but that it won't run if somebody don't wind it up.



GOVERNMENT of the people, by the people, for the people," is the exalted conception of an ideal social compact nearest attained perhaps in the United States within the last three hundred years of any country in any age in the world's history.

And still, to listen to the flood of frenzied oratory that periodically bursts the dams of political restraint, a visitor from Mars would inevitably conclude that the country as a whole was on the verge of ruin—that we were bound individually and collectively, bag and baggage, horse and foot, for the demotion bow wows—and that nothing devised by man could serve to stay our headlong dash to social, political and economic demolition.

Depending upon his political point of view, his geographical

habitat, and his economic status, it is quite possible for an experienced observer to forecast with reasonable exactitude the line of argument that any given "representative of the peopul" will advance to demonstrate to all and sundry that his particular unit of the body politic is being ruthlessly trampled in the mire.

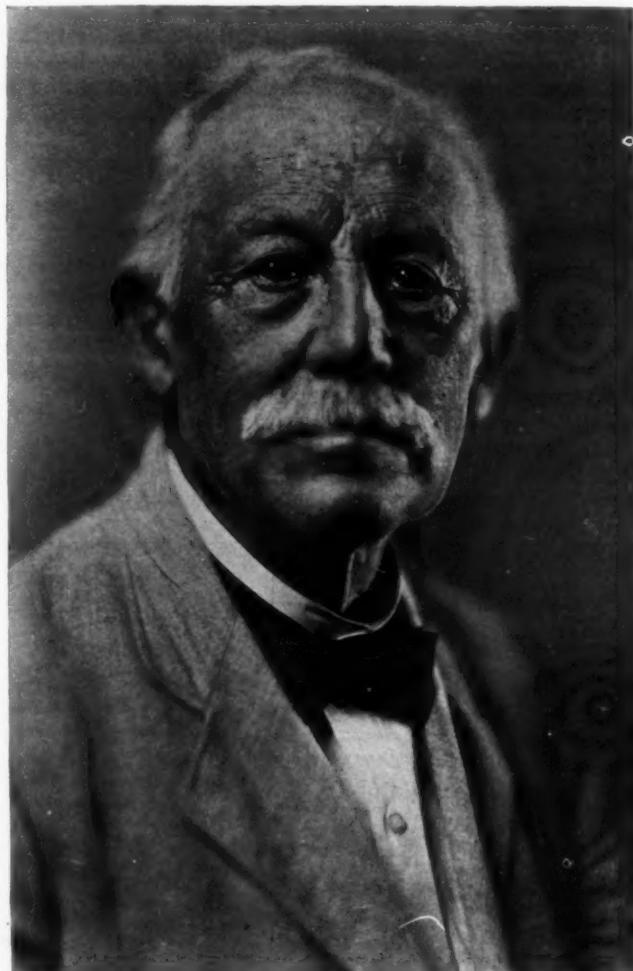
Which leads us to realize that Democracy is after all a fine and desirable social state, that a Republic is the ideal commonwealth, and that the United States is indubitably the greatest example of popular government since the world began.

For why? Because when any certain element of the nation begins to feel growing pains and expresses its discomfort with loud and frequent howls—then something happens. It gets relief. How, not all the accumulated wisdom of all the political sages of the ages can explain.

There is a readjustment of the economic bonds that join the banker, the business man, the farmer, the mechanic, the manufacturer, the producer and the consumer; an impending crisis passes and is forgotten—another President is elected, another Congressman trims his sails for a journey up Salt River—Steel Common goes up three points—and the people who were making all the noise trade-in their old and battered cars for new and shining ones.

The country is saved again—as it always has been in the past—as, pray God! it always will be in the future.

Complaints of objectionable conditions locally existing are symptomatic of a pure Democracy. They bring about the desired relief. In a word, "It pays to Advertise."



Dr. G. T. Harding, the father of the late President. He was seventy-six years old on the day his son received the Presidential nomination

THREE promises to be some highly interesting doings in the next Congress—interesting that is to the newspaper men and the spectators in the gallery.

When the newly-elected farmer-labor Senator from Minnesota takes his seat, the correspondents will sharpen their pencils—and stuff cotton in their ears. For Magnus Johnson is not only a picturesque and forceful personage, but he possesses a voice comparable only to the rolling thunder of an approaching storm. He is at his best on an out-of-doors platform, when his auditors can keep far enough away from him to avoid being deafened by the huge volume of sound that he emits. Within doors it beats upon their auditory nerves like the explosion of a coast defence gun and rocks any ordinary building like an earthquake.

In his native Sweden he was a glass blower by trade, and developed such amazing lung power that his slightest whisper can be heard for miles. He is fifty-two years old now, and came to America when he was twenty-three. He is a radical of the radicals—honest, fearless, shrewd, and decided in his opinions. One of his most decided opinions being that the working man and the farmer are getting a rotten deal.

On this point he is fully assured—and says so often and loudly. Which rolled up for him a most surprising vote in his recent contest with Governor J. A. O. Preus, the Republican candidate, who is as conservative as Johnson is radical—and a firm supporter of the administration.

Johnson wants something done about the railroads—he don't just know what—but something, anyway; and he wants the government to help buy up the surplus grain of the farmers of the West. He is strong for prohibition and an advocate of the World Court.

On most of the big issues he is vague but vehement—convincing his hearers more by virtue of sound than by argument.

He affects a contempt for books and over-much learning, and has little use for political programs. He is strong for the "common peepul" and "agin' the interests."

It might be suspected that his comic opera Swedish dialect and contempt for grammar are carefully calculated stage effects—at any rate, they have taken him a long ways on the political road, including four terms in the State Legislature and now they are taking him to Washington, where he will be seen—and heard.

He is easily the most picturesque public character in Minnesota—"wild and woolly" as they make them, and will no doubt inject an element of uproarious disturbance in political circles at the Capital.



QUIT of the enforcement of the restrictive quota provision that is a part of the present immigration law expiring in June, 1924, has grown a most deplorable and unjust practice—that of the foreign steamship lines running to this country which load their boats to the limits of capacity with would-be entrants to the United States far in excess each month of the quota allotment from the various countries and bring them to the very gates of the Promised Land—only to be turned away.

The callous indifference to human woe and human suffering displayed by the steamship companies in this regard is revolting to every sense of humanity. For a majority of the immigrants from Central Europe the raising of a sum of money sufficient to pay their way to America means years of toil and planning—the utmost deprivation—the slow and painful accumulation of a little hoard that grows with exceeding slowness.

For months, for years, often for half a lifetime they toil and save and dream of that half-mythical land as far away as heaven almost seems to their starved lives, where gold may be picked up in the very streets, where a few hours of labor daily bring fabulous sums, where education is free to every child, and even the common workman has meat to eat as often as he wishes.



Photo from Wide World Photos

Magnus Johnson "in action." The newly-elected farmer-labor Senator from Minnesota is a real "dirt farmer," and by all the signs and tokens a real "blown in the glass" politician. As a matter of fact, he was a glass-blower before he became a politician, which accounts for his prodigious lung power

A wonderful country that, which beckons from beyond the sea. They work, they save, they plan, they dream, and eventually they start. Without a qualm of fear they place their sacred savings in the hands of the steamship agent in the nearest little town. Does he inform them of the quota restriction from their country? He does not—else his commission would be much less. Does the steamship company tell them when they reach the dock? It does not—else it would have to hand back the money they have paid for passage.

Does anybody tell them? No. Whose business is it except that of those who profit from them? Like sheep they go aboard the boats and with the first breath of the ocean breeze their souls expand. At last—at last! They are on their way.



Hon. Oscar W. Underwood, Senator from Alabama, leader of the Democrats in the Senate, and considered as the ablest statesman of his party, has announced his readiness to be their standard bearer in the 1924 campaign—strongly emphasizing the fact that he represents a section of the country that has not given a Democratic President to the United States for four score years

Nothing now can turn them back. The very memory of their years of travail are swept away—to gather in the joy of their deliverance.

How cruel then the awakening from their dream. The Land of Promise is close at hand—merely around the corner as it were—when a rumor spreads about a "quota." What is a "quota"? Nobody knows—nobody ever heard of such a thing—it is something beyond the bound of human comprehension. They have paid their money—they are almost there—almost they have attained the culmination of their dreams—and now somebody talks of "quotas"—calmly tells them that perhaps they must go back—begin to save again and reconstruct their lives anew.

It is a cruel thing—a system that allows so much of human agony and fear to go to make up dividends for steamship companies.

So long as we must erect a barrier to keep ourselves from

being overwhelmed, some way should be devised to stop the flood nearer to its source. Some agreement should be entered into with each of the countries from which the greater number of the immigrants come whereby the task of elimination should begin at home.

What though the profits of the great steamship lines of Europe should be cut down. Battering upon human misery is not a pleasant thing to contemplate at this late day.



ANOTHER county has been heard from since our last writing, and the political *intelligentsia* of the Nation's capital, that has been holding an attentive ear to the ground for so long these many weeks now looks exceedingly wise and says collectively: "I told you so!"

On the last day of July, addressing a joint session of the Alabama legislature, Senator Oscar W. Underwood announced that if the Alabama state delegation should name him as a candidate for the nomination for President, he would do all that lay within his power to lead the Democratic host to victory.

Among the outstanding points of his address were his expressed hope that the next Democratic convention "will have the courage to face the international situation with the firm purpose to pledge the party if successful in the elections to take its place in the international family," and his declaration that he had no desire to apologize for the position he had originally taken on prohibition, but that now, the eighteenth amendment being a part of our laws, he stood for its enforcement. As was to be expected, he took a fall also out of the tariff—asserting that while America is an agricultural country, despite its pledges, the Republican tariff has throttled that industry to death.

Regarding the question of sectional prestige—always a dominant factor in the selection of a presidential candidate—the Senator said:

Today it is said by some that it is not expedient to have the standard bearer from the South, that in the interest of expediency we must go to the doubtful states of the Union to select our candidate. Must the South forever waive the right to select one of its citizens as the chief executive of the nation, or must it weaken in its Democratic faith in order that it can have one of its sons as President of the United States?

It may be in the interest of some politicians to raise the cry that it is inexpedient to nominate a man from a state that will surely espouse any nominee who maintains the principles of Democracy, but I do not believe that any such thought rests in the hearts and minds of the great mass of people in the North. I am sure that our brethren from the North are no longer considering as a vital question the state from which the candidate hails, but their first thought is the principles for which he stands, and the second the character of the candidate.

Senator Underwood is at least frank in his public acknowledgment that he is ready and willing to become a candidate if the party choice should fall upon him, and despite the geographical drawback attendant upon his selection, he may be said to be among the major possibilities of the forthcoming campaign.

At the moment he is not strong in the West, but in the East he is generally regarded as the type of a sound, safe, solid legislator in whom the utmost dependence can be placed. Moreover he is recognized in all sections as a man of great ability, and because of his record on tariff revision would be more acceptable to the manufacturing interests of the country than almost any other Democrat who could be named.

Curiously enough, his very elements of potential acceptability to the country-at-large make it necessary for him to publicly accentuate the fact that he is a Southerner to assure the pre-convention support of his own section.

The Men Behind *the Lincoln Highway*

Building public sentiment into a transcontinental traffic artery from the Atlantic to the Pacific coasts; linking the oceans with one continuous overland highway

LINCOLN it was, I believe, who once said that any great enterprise was but the lengthened shadow of a man. But certainly there are enterprises vast enough in their physical proportions, sufficiently complex in their phases of development and adequately far-reaching in their consequences to reflect in their success the manifold abilities and genius of many men of diversified talents.

When Mr. Chapple spoke of the "astonishing record of achievements" of the Lincoln Highway Association and asked me to prepare a brief pen picture of the one outstanding individual responsible for its success, I could not put my finger on the man. I could not, however carefully I sifted personalities in thinking back over the crowded history of the work, select one outstanding figure of which could be truthfully said, "that is the man."

The record of the Association's present and past directors, counsellors, executives, active workers and supporters, reads like a roster of the outstanding constructive, executive and financial geniuses of the past decade.

Mr. Chapple made the task a little easier for me. "All right," he wrote back, "write about the five outstanding men who have done most to make the work of your Association successful."

Even picking five individuals from the list of those with a sure claim to having had a big part in the success of the work is not simple. The list is long, but here are five whose outstanding and diversified talents, whose vision, enterprise, unflagging interest and tireless effort in behalf of a work which they visualized as inaugurating a new epoch in the history of America, deserve a lion's share of any credit the future may bestow upon "The Men Behind the Lincoln Way."

* * *

CARL G. FISHER, the Hoosier, properly heads the list. Fisher, the sportsman, the early racing driver, the man who with J. A. Allison early developed the vast business of the Prest-O-Lite Company in Indianapolis, supplying acetylene lighting systems for motor cars, the man who built the Indianapolis speedway and who made Miami Beach, Florida, what it is today, was the "visionary" who in 1913 had the audacity to suggest the impractical and impossible task of building a highway across the United States.

Fisher had organized and led a tour of Indiana manufacturers from Indianapolis to the Pacific coast. They actually reached the coast from Indianapolis—an undertaking of the first magnitude in those days when roads did not connect, but led nowhere in particular, petered out in barnyards and disappeared completely on the plains and deserts of the West. Then few men knew or cared if there was a road beyond a radius of twenty miles from their home, farm, or ranch. No road maps, no road signs, no roads! In those days a tourist was literally a pathfinder—an explorer. He never knew exactly how he was

By AUSTIN F. BEMENT

Vice-President and Secretary of the Lincoln Highway Association

going to get to his destination or whether or not he would get there. His success depended upon the natural aspect of the face of Nature between him and his destination, the kindness of the elements and his ability as a mechanic and a navigator. Cars were very temperamental in those days, too.

Fisher returned from the Indiana manufacturer's tour with an abiding faith in his plan for the promotion of at least one great transcontinental highway. He knew it would be the work of years, and he felt that the sooner such a project was broached to the American people, the better. Where should he turn for support and interest in his plan? He came to Detroit, then as now the capitol of motordom.

Fisher's idea appealed to a group of pioneer leaders in the automotive industry. To them the question was not "Shall we undertake a movement aimed at the development of a proper American highway system?" but "How shall we undertake this movement—what is the best way to undertake to build public sentiment in America and bring order and progress out of our road chaos?"

It was natural that those prominently identified with the growing automotive industry should first appreciate and keenly realize the need for a national road policy, of which then we had not a vestige. These men were in a position to see how the increasing use of the motor vehicle would ultimately force the undertaking of proper connecting highway improvement. What was needed was a start in the right direction. Long before any adequate legislation could be expected, the American public must be interested and brought to see the signs of the times.

The total sum spent for highway construction in the United States in 1912, outside of the State of New York, about \$150,000,000, was sufficient to improve, even under the definition of road improvement which held good at that time, only about one per cent of the total highway mileage of the United States. At that rate it was going to take a hundred years to complete the "improvement" of America's public roads once. But the kind of roads which were then being built only lasted about ten years! It was clear that we would never get more than ten per cent of our roads "built." We had then about 2,225,000 miles of public roads. Now even ten per cent of this total, properly constructed, would have been a pretty fairly adequate highway system. But the roads that were built did not connect. No adequate system of highways would ever be evolved. We were getting nowhere.

In 1912 the production of passenger cars and motor trucks in the United States reached 378,000 vehicles. Five years before, in 1907, the total production was 45,000 vehicles. An increase of 860 per cent in the production of motor vehicles in five years gave promise of what was coming. Those who knew the facts foresaw that the American public could not obtain ten per cent of the service value of the motor vehicles, in which it was then investing over \$450,000,000 a year, without proper roads over which to operate them. It was like building Pullmans and freight cars without providing for rails.

The analogy held good. If a railroad system was to be built, where would the start be made? The main line! Feeder roads and branch lines would develop as the main line was improved. So the problem before those to whom Mr. Fisher took his plan in embryo came down to the selection of the "main line" of an American highway system. Where should it go? Population, trend of traffic, service to the greatest number, topography—everything pointed to the



CARL G. FISHER, one of the early racing drivers, who built the Indianapolis Speedway, and who made Miami Beach what it is today, was the first man to suggest the building of a highway across the country

location of the backbone of an ultimate American highway system along the shortest line between New York and San Francisco. The Lincoln Highway Association was organized in Detroit in 1913 and the work of selecting, promoting, and gaining co-operation in the construction of "a road first" across the continent was begun.

IT is at this stage that Henry B. Joy should enter the picture. A powerful personality, an executive genius, a man among men, a Roosevelt type, a lover of the open road and trail—familiar with the West where the greatest problems lay, enthusiastic, untiring, nationally known and respected for his character and his accomplishments. He was the ideal man for the early years of the Association's work—for the great job of directing the final selection of the ultimate route across the continent, for the inauguration of the Association's campaign of public education and for drawing to the new and struggling organization the interest and support of big men of vision in every section of the country.

The first Board of Directors of the Association insisted upon Mr. Joy taking the post of president. He caught Fisher's vision of the possibilities and believed in it. As he put it, the Board of

Directors "wished a piece of cold liver" on him, in saddling him with the responsibility of building up from an idea only, an organization of power and prestige; of establishing precedents; of determining policies; of pioneering the way to success with a promotional enterprise for which there were no precedents.

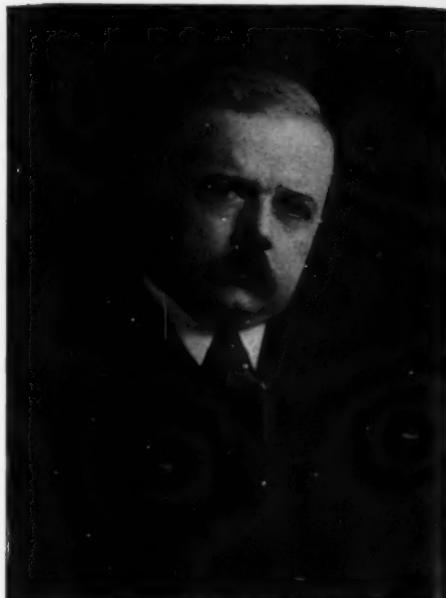
Joy was then president of the Packard Motor Car Company, an organization he had built from the ground up. For years he had tested cars over the western trails. His judgment and knowledge of the existing roads was largely responsible for the route which later grew into the Lincoln Highway. During the years he was president of the Association, from 1913 until he entered the service in 1917, he, with the aid of the Board, built an organization which has been the model for practically every other highway organization in the country. The wisdom of his basic work has been proven time and again when serious problems and difficulties have confronted the organization. From that "piece of cold liver" he developed a vital force, a real power for progress, now nationally and internationally understood. His time, his money, and his invaluable counsel have always been and are yet at the disposal of the Lincoln Highway

Association. He, like Carl G. Fisher, will be forever remembered as one of the outstanding pioneer American "road boosters" of the first water.

TO anyone familiar with American industrial history, Frank A. Seiberling requires no introduction. He will always be known as the man who built the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, of which organization he was president for twenty years.

As a pioneer in the automotive industry and in the development and merchandising of tires, Seiberling is one of that early group which incorporated the Lincoln Highway Association and started the first serious move towards the development of an American system of roads.

While one of the busiest executive giants in the country, in 1917 he accepted the post as second president of the Lincoln Highway Association and devoted much time, thought and effort to the carrying on of the organization's work. The Association was then approaching some of its most difficult problems in the development of a through highway across the West, and it was Seiberling who, after a careful study of the situation, brought about the contribution of \$75,000 from his company to the Association to aid in the construction of a vitally necessary section of the Lincoln Highway on the desert in western Utah. He also contributed \$25,000



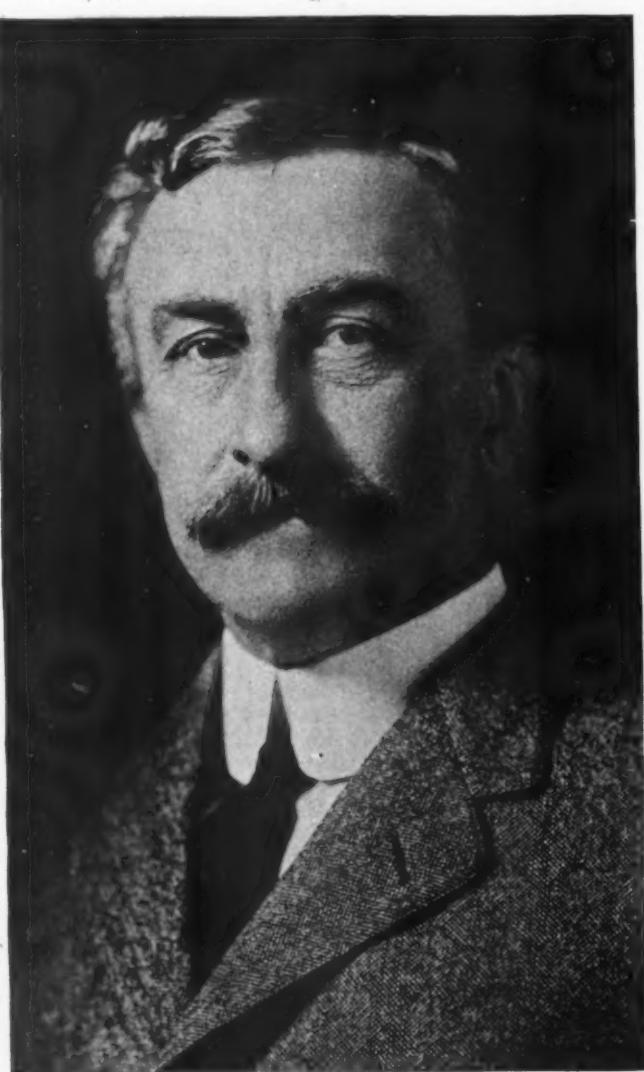
FRANK A. SEIBERLING, President of the Seiberling Rubber Company, a pioneer in the automotive industry, and the man who built the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, was the second President of the Lincoln Highway Association, which owes much to his leadership and advice.

personally toward this nationally needed work which the state, in consideration of the contribution, contracted to at once undertake and complete. That the State of Utah has repudiated its contract and failed to yet carry out its provisions in the construction of this highway, does not detract from the important results of Mr. Seiberling's personal interest in the western road situation. Federal aid at that time was totally inadequate to enable the western states to properly undertake the improvement of their through highways, often of small local use, and the need for outside aid to complete the Lincoln Highway in Utah did much to impress upon the general public and Congress the necessity for the more adequate measures of Federal support for western highway building which have since been taken.

Seiberling, now president of the Seiberling Rubber Company of Akron, Ohio, is characterized by an indomitable personality and a marvelous ability to clearly and quickly analyze a complex problem and determine upon a wise course of action. The Lincoln Highway Association owes much to his two years of leadership and his ten years of close contact and advice on its Board of Directors.

ROY D. CHAPIN, like Carl G. Fisher, has never held the office of president of the Lincoln Highway Association. But like Fisher, Seiberling, and Joy, he was one of the first group of ardent backers of the plan and has been for ten years a vice-president of the organization. In this capacity his work has been of inestimable value, although perhaps not as generally appreciated as the work of the Association's presidents.

Chapin has been identified with the automobile industry in Detroit since 1901, when he piloted a one-cylinder Oldsmobile from Detroit to New York—the first time the run was made in an automobile. At that time Chapin was general sales manager of the Olds Motor Works. In 1906 he organized the E. R. Thomas-Detroit Company, and in 1908 became the treasurer and general manager of its successor, the Chalmers-Detroit Motor Car Company. In 1910 he became



HENRY B. JOY, who built up the organization of the Packard Motor Company, was the first President of the Lincoln Highway Association, and by virtue of his powerful personality and executive genius pioneered the way to success with a promotional enterprise for which there were no precedents.

president of the Hudson Motor Car Company, the conspicuous success of which since that date has been largely attributed to his vision, energy, and ability. He resigned the presidency of the Hudson Motor Car Company recently to become chairman of its Board of Directors.

As might be discerned from his pioneer Detroit-to-New-York-run, Chapin took a direct and personal interest in roads as early as 1901. His years of effort for more adequate legislation, for better understanding of the problems of highway finance and construction on the part of the industry and the public; the aid he has rendered official Washington through his contact with the industry and through the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, are matters of history. During the war he was appointed as Chairman of the Highway Transport Committee of the Council of National Defense, and has long been chairman of the Highways Committee of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce. He has had a part in the drafting of many of our most forward-looking and progressive congressional enactments.

Chapin has particularly encouraged the inclusion of highway engineering and the study of highway transport in the curriculum of our universities and is the donor of fellowships in highway engineering and highway transport at the University of Michigan. At a large expenditure of his own time he speaks frequently and in many parts of the country on the subject of roads, road

legislation and highway finance. Through his interest the Lincoln Highway Association has always been assured of the authoritative advice and support of the automotive industry, and through his personal counsel has been able to accomplish much in the development of national sentiment for proper state and federal legislation.

ONE of the most hopeful indications of progress in the work of the Lincoln Highway Association, and one which has continually encouraged the little group which inaugurated the undertaking, has been the continuous acquisition of new interest and support from additional important and influential sources.

It was inevitable and necessary that as the work progressed and as its value became more and more widely understood, the Association would receive continuous additions of "new blood" on its Board of Directors and on its list of supporters and advisers. One of those who early joined fortunes with the instigators of the project was J. Newton Gunn, vice-president of the United States Rubber Company and president of the United States Tire Company, a subsidiary. The growth of the United States Tire Company to its tremendous magnitude and front rank position has been generally regarded as a monument to Gunn's directing genius. Previous to his resignation on June 7th, he had become one of the most powerful figures in the inner circles of the rubber business and a director of the Rubber Association of America, as well as a member of the Executive Committee. He became president of the United States Tire Company in 1915, guiding that organization through the vicissitudes of the great war which brought disaster to so many other companies. Previous to his connection with the United States Rubber Company, he had been for four years general manager of the Studebaker Corporation, during which time the foundation for the present vast Studebaker business was laid.

Gunn's interest in the Association's work was seconded by that of C. B. Seger, president of the United States Rubber Company, and as a result of their mutual interest in the Association's program the substantial contribution of \$130,000 was made from that company to the Association to enable the carrying out of the remarkable "Ideal Section" of modern road now being completed on the Lincoln Highway just south of Chicago.

Gunn became president of the Association January 1, 1921, at a time when the development of the route was beginning to assume definite shape and when highway construction had progressed to a point where considerably over half a billion dollars was being invested by the American public yearly in the improvement of a very definite and well-thought-out national and interstate system. To a large extent the Association's early purpose of "selling" the American public the idea of more roads, of connecting roads, of more money for roads, of more road construction, had been accomplished; the crying need was for a move in behalf of better and more adequate construction. The proper investment of the hundreds of millions which were being poured out so lavishly for the improvement of our highways had become a scientific problem of the first magnitude. It was at a time when more vision was needed as to the future development of America's highways for the traffic which was finding increasing difficulty in securing accommodation upon them.

So it was in an effort to crystallize the best expert opinion in America that under Mr. Gunn's



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J. NEWTON GUNN, one of the most powerful figures in the inner circles of the rubber business, the man who built the United States Tire Company, President of the Lincoln Highway Association

administration the "Ideal Section" was developed. It represents an ideal as to the general design and method of construction of the highest type of modern through highway. It represents what Mr. Gunn and the Technical Committee appointed under his direction, foresee as some day extending from New York to Chicago and then on westward as the traffic demand necessitates.

The design, the specifications for the Ideal Section, which marks but another step in the Association's program of educational work, were determined upon by a board of sixteen of the foremost highway engineers and other authorities in the Union. It embodies the ideal in adequacy, safety, permanency and beauty, and will stand, it is expected, for generations, as a model for the development of all great interstate arteries of heavy traffic.

I have listed five men as outstanding figures in the eventful history of the Lincoln Way, which is ten years old this summer. I could list five hundred. But those five are typical of the far-seeing men of enterprise and action who have seen in the Lincoln Highway Association a vehicle whereby much good could be accomplished for the betterment of America. Through the Lincoln Way as an object lesson they have worked for a "tightening of the Union," the systematic connecting of those lanes of universal transportation which are now happily beginning to bind more closely and closely the widely separated sections and states of our vast democratic empire, the very foundation stones of which are laid upon easy, quick and certain transportation of commodities and men.



ROY D. CHAPIN, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Hudson Motor Car Company, Vice-President of the Lincoln Highway Association, was the first man to drive a motor car from Detroit to New York—a one-cylinder Oldsmobile in 1901

Art in a New Manifestation

"Luminos," the invention of an American art lover, combines a mechanical process with artistic treatment of a common material to produce marvellously beautiful effects

IN a studio building in Washington Square, suffused with the late afternoon twilight, I found a real art afterglow. An old sea captain years ago left his estate for a seamen's home on Staten Island, and the surplus was invested in studio apartments. This New York real estate has since become immensely valuable.

And in this little oasis in the busy whirl of business in the great city came the discovery of the "Lumino"—a new expression of art. With Colonel William C. Cornwell I walked from the business on Broadway into another realm in a few minutes and found him as an artist. In early years he studied art in Europe and never gave up his first love. In these art mood hours after the close of business, the real self asserts. Now he was taking me to fairyland world, where "Luminos" reigned supreme.

Within his studio was what seemed a canvas covered with little spatters of tissue paper. It looked crude enough. Then with the magic

touch of an electric button came the thrill. There was a sunset living and breathing, and the figures stood out vividly in the depths of trees and foliage.

Here was William Cornwell's life triumph following his art studies in Europe and America many years before he became a banker and an editor. Vigorously pursuing his absorption in art, he became more than a creator on canvas—an inventor as well. He was asked to decorate the Club, where he was residing, for an entertainment. He attempted to decorate the windows with colored papers to give it a stained-window effect. In doing so some of the papers were crushed and he said "some of my work is ruined." When the light was turned on he found he had a magical effect from this smudged paper.

With his knowledge of colors and tone values, after all his training and study in Paris, Colonel Cornwell developed a new art called "Lumino." Here was a picture that had the strength of the "Angelus." Here were the salt marshes with the mist coming in off the Jersey Coast. Here a depth of wood with a cottage here and there, a roaring waterfall here and a wonderful scene in Canada there. The fascination grew, because the beholder felt himself to be amid living pictures.

Nature itself seemed to breathe in that unique and clever manipulation of the tissue paper of every color and hue. The process entails a great amount of planning, carpentry and electrical work. The color combinations are obtained by pasting tissue paper on glass, illuminated in back from strong light.

Mr. Cornwell succeeded in getting a basic patent on this process in the United States and other countries. This was done to protect the art from cheap imitation.

While the process is to some extent mechanical, it involves the exactitudes of art and maintains the impulse for feeling and depth. Best of all, it does what the painters have always wanted to do, and that is, to paint light, for light is everything. Without light there is nothing. The old masters could only get 45 per cent of light, and now 100 per cent of its value is secured. In the hands of a mere mechanic, the new art would hardly serve for scenic illusion.

It is creating a new tone value on art which seems to be appropriate to the electric age, and yet the band or association between the two is complete. No wonder that Colonel Cornwell has to drive his friends away late at night from the magic of that studio where the "Lumino" was born.



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WILLIAM C. CORNWELL, banker and editor, whose early art studies in this country and abroad have crystallized in the expression of art in a new form known as "Luminos," a process evolved by him



An example of the wonderful effects achieved by Mr. Cornwell with "Luminos"

The Chosen Gift

A heart-gripping story of a woman's desperate struggle to save the man she loves from the avenging sword of hate that swings above his unconscious head

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

THE man who was lurking in the shadows, close to the heavy curtains which shielded the window, glanced impatiently at the clock for the third time. It seemed impossible that time could move so slowly. It was barely five minutes since he had clambered in through the window and hidden himself in the silent room. Five minutes! Surely an eternity!

He had none of the coolness of the practiced criminal. He was forty-seven years old, and for the first time in his life he was prepared to lift his hand against his country's laws. No wonder that his lips were dry and his breath came a little short. It was no small thing, this, which he had in his mind. A man's life lay at the end of it.

The room was large and handsomely furnished. Save for the somewhat conspicuous absence of books, it was the typical library of an English suburban residence. There were handsome prints upon the wall, little statuettes—not ill-chosen, upon the mantelpiece—a soft, rich carpet and several pieces of heavy, solid furniture. In a corner of the room stood a writing-table of dark walnut-wood. There were papers there—laid out as though in readiness, a green-shaded lamp, the photograph of a woman, a bowl of roses.

The man who waited felt himself grow harder and colder as the moments went by. So this was where he sat, then, this enemy of his! It was in this room that he laid his plots. In this room, probably, that his own ruin had been worked. John Wilkinson felt in his pocket, and his fingers closed upon the butt of his revolver. There was no pity in his heart for the man whom he had come to kill. There was nothing but an intense desire to get the thing over—to meet him face to face, to say those few words, and to shoot! Others might call it murder. He knew very well that it was but an act of common justice.

The clock ticked, and a corner of the burning log fell on to the open fireplace. Then at last came a sound from beyond. A door somewhere in the house was opened and closed. Footsteps were coming along the passage. The man's whole frame stiffened. He stole from his hiding-place and stood waiting.

It was a woman who entered, a woman tall and fair, dressed for the evening, with jewels upon her throat and bosom, only partially concealed by the opera cloak of white lace which she wore. The man would have stolen back to his hiding-place, but it was too late. The woman saw him and stopped short. She looked at him in amazement.

"Who are you?" she asked. "What do you want?"

"A few words with your husband," the man answered.

"With my husband?" the woman repeated. "But he told me that he was expecting no one except his secretary tonight. Does he know that you are here?"

"No!" the man answered.

She turned up the lamp and looked at him

more closely. He was tall and thin, and although his face was not the face of a criminal, there was something in his expression and the nervous tenseness of his answers which alarmed her. She moved swiftly toward the bell, only to find her arm grasped by his fingers.

"Madam," he said, "you must not ring that bell. I have a few words to say to your husband. If he knew that I were here, he would not see me. I cannot allow you to interfere." The woman stood for a moment looking at him, and the fear in her heart grew.

"How did you get in?" she asked.

"Through the window," he answered grimly. She opened her lips, but his hand swiftly closed them.

"Madam," he said, "I am not going to allow you to ring the bell. If you call out, you know very well what will happen. Your husband is in the adjoining room, and he will be the first to rush in. The moment he crosses the threshold I shall shoot him through the heart. Understand that. If you call out, you bring him to his death."

He released her. She stood looking at him with white, scared face, but his words had had their effect. She made no further attempt to raise an alarm.

"Sit down in that chair," he said, "and be quiet. I am sorry you came, but since you are here I cannot afford to let you go."

She recovered a little of her courage. After all, the man's face was not an evil one.

"What do you want with my husband?" she asked. "What are you going to do?"

The man laughed—a little nervous, dry laugh.

"An act of justice," he answered. "It's rough luck on you that you should be here, especially as he is your husband. You'd better go over to the window when you hear him coming."

Once more the horror seized her. She read the purpose in his face.

"You have come here to commit murder?" she cried.

The man smiled bitterly.

"I have come to kill your husband, madam," he said, "if that can be counted murder."

She shrank away from him.

"You are mad," she faltered. "You know what happens to murderers. You will be hung!"

"I think not," he answered indifferently. "I have friends below waiting to help me, and I shall try to escape. If I fail, I shall shoot myself. As well that as a beggar! Listen!"

He leaned forward toward the door. The woman, too, strained her ears. At that moment she would have screamed, but her voice seemed paralyzed. The man's eyes were upon her. She opened her lips, but no sound came.

"A false alarm!" he remarked coolly. "Never mind. He cannot be much longer."

"Tell me why you want to kill him?" she faltered.

"Because he is Philip Angus, millionaire, and I am John Wilkinson, beggar," the man answered bitterly.

The woman's courage seemed to be returning. Her eyes flashed; she drew herself a little more erect.

"You coward!" she exclaimed. "Because my husband has been fortunate, where you have been unfortunate, you would steal in here like a thief and kill him without a moment's warning! You shall not do it. I will throw myself in the way. You shall kill me, if you want a victim."

The man listened as one might listen to a child.

"If you have a life to throw away, madam," he said, "pray risk it if you will, but you will not save your husband. My revolver has six chambers, and it is very carefully loaded."

Once more the courage left her. She listened frantically for the footfall outside that she knew so well. He could not be more than a few minutes now! There seemed to be no sound whatever in the house, no sound to break the stillness but the ticking of the little clock which stood upon the table. A wild thought came to her.

"You want money!" she exclaimed. "Of course it is money that you want! You shall have it. Take my jewels. They are very valuable—very valuable indeed. They will make you rich."

Her hands were at her throat, but he stopped her with a gesture of contempt.

"You do me an injustice," he declared coldly. "It is not money that I want, or your jewels. I want your husband's life. Let me tell you this—it is a terrible thing to say, it is a shameful thing for you to hear, but it is the truth. There are hundreds of men and women who, when they read tomorrow morning that Philip Angus is dead, will breathe more freely."

"It is not true!" she muttered. His face darkened.

"Madam, it is God's truth!" he said, with a sudden note of fierceness in his tone. "Your husband is one of those who have made the name of a millionaire infamous. He has made a great fortune. Do you know how? I will tell you. He has built it up by lies, by deceit, by treachery. He hasn't even been faithful to his friends. He has filled his pockets with the savings of the working people whom he has ruined."

A shadow of indignation passed across the white, terrified face of the woman to whom he spoke.

"It is not true!" she declared. "It is not true!"

The long, lean figure of the man seemed suddenly to expand. His eyes blazed. He reminded her for the moment of some Biblical character—some prophet, whose words were charged with woe.

"Madam," he cried softly, "it is God's truth! Do you need to be told what your husband's reputation is? Are there no newspapers? Isn't

it in the air wherever you go? Can you look me in the eyes and pretend to be ignorant of it? There isn't a jewel on your body that's honestly earned. Oh, I daren't think of it, or I know that I should kill you, too, where you stand, for the things you represent!"

Once more the woman looked toward the door. His coming was long delayed. Was it a good or evil omen, this?

"Shoot me, then," she muttered. "I am not afraid."

The man shook his head. "No," he said. "I have no quarrel with you. It is your husband whom I am going to save from one last sin. I am going to kill him before he can sign those papers."

"What papers?" she demanded eagerly.

"Nothing that you would understand," he answered. "They simply represent just one more of those wonderful deals which go to the loading of your body with jewels, and bring honest men to this."

He dropped his hands for a moment. Her eyes were fixed upon his face almost hungrily. All the time she sought for some sign of weakness.

"You mean the Bridgport Mills amalgamation?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered. "You know something of his affairs, after all, then?"

"Yes—yes, I know something," she admitted. "What have you to do with the Bridgport Mills?"

The man's whole frame stiffened. His eyes flashed. He spoke rapidly—almost fiercely.

"What have I to do with them? God in heaven! Why, they're my mills. I am John Wilkinson, who went to Bridgport with two hundred pounds, saved from my wages, and started business twenty-five years ago in a shed. I made money honestly. I found employment for hundreds of poor people, who earned wages which they had never dreamed of earning before. Bridgport was a poor place when I went to it. I have made it a prosperous city. My works are the finest in the country. My work-people are the best paid. I was prosperous, honest and respected. Then your husband comes upon the scene! He knows nothing of manufacturing, nothing of those honest and legitimate means by which a man can earn wealth for himself, and at the same time add to his country's prosperity. Your husband came like a great spider, hungry for blood, for money with him is the blood of all things. One by one he bought up my competitors. Before I had time to realize what was happening, there was a great trust formed against me. I had money and I had credit, the money and credit of an honest man. But what are these against the weapons with which your husband fights? They are gone, both of them. My mills will close down this week until he chooses to open them. Even my name will be his, to wheedle money out of poor investors, to make a great gambling scheme of an honest business. You were right, madam. It is your husband who has been fortunate and I unfortunate. But there is a price that he must pay."

The man paused, breathless. She leaned toward him.

"Supposing he doesn't sign those papers?" she asked eagerly.

"He never will," the man answered.

She listened once more and wrung her hands. "Oh, you can't mean this!" she exclaimed. "It is too horrible! Besides, what do you gain? If you kill him, this deal will go through all the same. It will make no difference to you; someone else will take his place. The papers will surely be signed—if not by him, by another.

Give me a few minutes. Let me talk to him. I have influence. Often he does as I wish. I will plead with him."

The man shook his head.

"Many have tried to plead with Philip Angus," he said. "What have they gained by it?"

"But I am his wife!" she cried. "I can do more than anyone else in the world with him. Give me ten, five, even three minutes!"

The man laughed—a hoarse, unpleasant sound.

"Three minutes," he exclaimed, "to melt Philip Angus!"

The woman clutched at his arm.

"Remember that I am his wife," she cried. "Let me try. Oh, let me try! A few minutes can make no difference to you. If you stand over there by the curtains he will never see you. He is almost blind."

She stopped suddenly and turned her head toward the door. A little moan broke from her lips.

"He is coming," she whispered hoarsely. "You will give me those five minutes! You must—you must!"

The man hesitated—hesitated gravely and deliberately. One gathered from his appearance that it was not a matter of weakness—only of calculation. In the end he pointed toward the clock.

"You see the time? When the clock strikes, your husband dies. Until then, I will hear what you and he have to say together. Hush!"

He stole softly away toward the curtains. The advancing footsteps were now clearly audible. The woman turned toward the door with a little sob.

"So few minutes," she said to herself, "and Philip sometimes is so difficult. God help me! God give me words—show me how to move him. Ah, Philip!"

The door was opened at last. A tall, thin man in dinner-clothes and smoking jacket, entered and paused for a moment on the threshold. He wore heavy spectacles and carried a stick, with which he seemed to feel his way.

"Margaret!" he exclaimed. "Where on earth are you? They told me that you were here."

She moved toward him impulsively.

"I have been waiting for you, Philip," she said. "I came in to say good-bye. How long have you been! Let me take you to your chair."

He suffered her arm to rest upon his shoulder, but he frowned a little at the inference of her speech.

"Thank you," he said. "But I am not quite blind yet. You are alone, then? I thought I heard voices."

He seated himself before the table and took up the topmost of the papers that lay there in readiness. She lingered by his side.

"Quite alone, dear," she said. "I was reading. I have been reading those documents."

"Dry work for you, my dear," he answered calmly.

"I have been reading," she continued a little tremulously, "of the Bridgport Mills amalgamation. You are not angry, are you?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Angry? Of course not! But why do you bother your pretty head about business? Where are you going tonight?"

"I was going," she began, "to Lady Purcell's box at the Opera, but—but—"

"Ah, to the Opera," he interrupted. "I see you have your jewels on. Good girl! They look well on you, Margaret."

"Do they, Philip?" she murmured.

"No one in the world, mind," he continued

impressively, "can have finer stones than you have in that necklace. In a few days' time, perhaps," he added, glancing fixedly at the paper upon which his hand was still resting, "I may be able to make you a little Christmas present which you will find worth accepting."

She shuddered a little.

"Philip," she said, "I want no more presents. I told you that I was going to the Opera. I have changed my mind. I have a headache. I don't want to go. I want to talk to you instead."

He accepted her decision with the equanimity of a man of placid temperament married to a woman of many caprices.

"Capital!" he said. "Well, I'll just sign these things, and then we'll have a cosy chat."

He took up his pen, but her hand suddenly covered the place where he would have set his signature.

"Philip," she said, "it's about those papers I want to talk to you. Don't sign them."

He turned round in his chair, looking at her in amazement.

"Don't sign them!" he exclaimed. "Why, my dear girl, what do you mean?"

She kept her hand firmly pressed upon that blank space.

"Philip," she said, "you know that I read these over to you when they came up from the office. I have been thinking it all over. You are to buy the mills and machinery and everything, aren't you, for a trifle—seven thousand pounds, or something like that—just as much as the people owe?"

He nodded. "Well?"

"And they are worth?" she asked.

"To us," he answered, "to the corporation, that is, anything up to a hundred and fifty thousand pounds."

She drew a little breath, and glanced behind her uneasily. That sombre-looking figure had drawn a little closer, or was it only her fancy?

"I suppose, then, Philip," she went on feverishly, "that you have these people—these Bridgport Mills people, I mean—cornered? They can't keep on in business against you? They must either sell or fail?"

Her husband nodded.

"Precisely," he remarked. "The thing has been engineered in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. They never really had the ghost of a chance."

She drew a little closer to him. Her right arm had stolen around his neck.

"But, Philip," she protested, "I do not understand. These are honest men, are they not, who built up this concern? They had a right to refuse to join you if your terms did not suit them."

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"A right? They had a right, of course. The only trouble was that they ran up against a stronger corporation."

She looked earnestly into his face.

"Tell me, Philip, is this quite honest?" she asked fearfully.

The slight frown upon his forehead deepened. His voice became almost harsh.

"Honest? What on earth do you mean, Margaret? Honest? I don't recognize your use of the word."

She took up the papers for a moment and replaced them.

"I am thinking of the man whose name appears here—John Wilkinson," she said. "You are ruining him to make another fortune for yourself. I am thinking of his wife and family, Philip. Is it worth while. We don't need the money."

He looked at her as one might look at a child.

"My dear Margaret," he said, "everyone needs

money. Very often the more you have the more you need. We'll talk about this presently. Harrison wants these papers down tonight."

He turned a little round in his chair, took up his pen and dipped it in the ink. Her hands closed upon his feverishly. She glanced around into the shadows of the room. Slowly creeping nearer, she saw the figure she dreaded.

"Philip, you shall not—you shall not!" she exclaimed. "I don't want you to sign those papers."

For the first time he showed signs of distinct annoyance.

"You are hysterical!" he exclaimed shortly. "The papers must be signed—and in a very few minutes."

"Philip, don't do it," she begged. "Call it a whim of mine. We have enough money. Send for this man Wilkinson, and let him run his mills for himself; or give him a fair price for them."

A fair price! He stroked his wife's hair indulgently. How could one reason with a person so ignorant of every law of finance?

"My dear heart" he said soothingly, "this comes of a woman trying to understand business. You don't even understand the first axioms of barter. A fair price is the very least you can get the other man to take. It has no relation whatever to value. That is another matter."

She glanced at the clock and back into the room. The ineffectiveness of her words made her almost hysterical.

"Philip, you are wrong, dear!" she exclaimed. "I do not often ask you for anything," she continued a little wildly. "I beg you to listen to me now. See, I am on my knees. I have been thinking of the wives and children of these men. The jewels you gave me would seem always like their tears. I could not wear them. I should hate them. Think, Philip, if you were this man, John Wilkinson, and I your wife. Think what it would mean if we had to go out into the world again, penniless." He laughed dryly.

"My dear girl," he said, "you do not flatter me. I can assure you that I should never have placed myself in such a position."

"Dear, you cannot tell!" she exclaimed. "Don't you think that sometimes we—you and I—take life a little too easily? It is all so engrossing. It runs away with us. If we were to die tonight," she continued nervously, and with a quick glance behind, "if we were to die tonight, Philip, you or I, would you feel that your hands were quite clean if you had signed those papers?"

"Why not?" he answered sharply. "We are all here to do the best we can for ourselves."

"And for others, Philip!" she cried.

He drew a little sigh, as of one anxious to be tolerant, and yet tried beyond his powers of endurance.

"The man who was in business with those Utopian ideas, my dear Margaret," he said, "would very soon go under. You are talking about matters which you do not understand. Business is a great duel, in which the weapons are brains and opportunity. The man who fails to make use of both goes down. The rules of the game are thoroughly understood. Both sides go in with their eyes open. There is no quarter to be given or expected. The man who allowed sentiment to even creep into his calculations, to weaken for one moment his arm when the time came to strike, would be crushed to death on the spot. The fittest survive, the weakest go under. I didn't make the rules, but there they are. If you play the game, you must abide by them."

Once more he took up the pen. Despair held her nerveless for a moment. The clock had begun to strike! She dared not look round. Already she fancied she could hear stealthy footsteps.

She waved her hand frantically toward the unseen intruder. Then she wound her arms around her husband's neck and breathed for a moment more freely.

"Philip," she cried, "listen to me. I have been a good wife to you. I have begged for nothing as I am begging now. I may know nothing about business, but sometimes we women see the truth, even when it is hidden away in the darkest corner. I see the truth now, Philip," she continued, straining his face toward her. "I see it as though heaven itself were open. What are all these things worth—gold and jewels, the pride of great possessions, the power of wealth? Even if you stand today with your hand upon the levers that guide the world, death may come tomorrow; death may come at this moment to you, to me, to either of us. What about your rules, then? What advantage has the strong man over the weak? Whose tale will reach God's ears the sooner—the cry of the beggared victim or the triumph of the conqueror? Philip, my husband, my love!

You are so wonderful, so clever. I am very ignorant, but I have seen the truth. Tear up those papers, dear. For God's sake, tear them up! Let us have done forever with this accursed money-making, with these bargains which leave behind the trail of misery and broken hearts. Give them to me, Philip. Only an hour ago you asked me what I would have for my Christmas present. I will have those papers. I will have you promise me that this man, John Wilkinson, shall come into your trust on fair terms, or that he shall be allowed to run his mills in his own way and for his own good."

Angus hesitated. For her it was a moment of agony. Already, in imagination, she could see close behind her the shining muzzle of that leveled revolver.

He was signing his own death-warrant! If only she could make him understand!

The seconds ticked on. With a little shrug of the shoulders he handed over the papers.

"You are trying me pretty high, my dear Margaret," he said.

"You consent?" she cried. "You must consent!"

He smiled.

"You have always chosen your Christmas gift," he said. "We cannot break the precedent."

The pieces of torn paper fluttered down on to the carpet. She fell on her knees with a little sob of relief. He stooped down and kissed her lips.

"I wonder if you have any idea," he said, "how much that little Christmas present of yours cost me?"

She shook her head. Already her nervously-strained ears had detected the closing of the window.

"There is another price," she murmured. "Thank God."

Peace

• • •

Bravely forth midst shouts and cheers
Came kind Great Heart to the West;

Now—Behold a Nation's tears
After he had won his quest:

Enshrined in love without surcease,
His name writ large "leads all the rest";

He taught the world the calm of peace
In word and deed—on Life's release.

From coast to coast a path of sorrow
Each side of the moving bier,

Pledge God's peace for the morrow
To the millions waiting here.

Flags flying, signs of union,
Help to soften sorrow's dart;

Flowers whisper sweet communion
With the soul of kind Great Heart.

Alaskan peaks and tropic strand,
McKinley's summit, towering white,

He viewed and loved as native land;
Unstained altars of heavenly light.

He lived a life, whose death awakes
The glory of God's sympathy;

A hope in which the world partakes
Of peace, to all, which we might see.

Harding, Great Heart, we're nearer to God—
Nearer now than men may think—

'Neath the weight of His chastening rod
You've pointed the way from war's dark brink.

Look back, Great Commoner, and see
A Nation's soul in patriots' harmony;

Hearts of the brave and souls that sigh,
Inspired by thee! Upraised by thee!

Farewell, Good Heart! Great Heart, Goodbye!

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLER,

August 6, 1923.

To Florence Kling Harding.

Frost-Bit Frisbee

A thrilling and veracious tale of the vast silences of the frozen north, where men are men, and not Radio hounds—and every frail packs a bowie knife in her stocking along with her powder puff

FOR three months Frost-bit Frisbee had toiled along the frozen trail alone. One by one his eight Indian hod-carriers—for he had left Sitka with eight—had frozen in their tracks, but Frost-bit had the courage of youth and strength of a Best Seller. Without a word he had piled on his own back the loads his freezing hod-carriers had let fall, until now he bore on his shoulders the entire supplies with which he hoped to establish his gold camp on the Stewed Prune River. At times he leaned against a tree and rested, for his load was no light one. In addition to his sleeping blanket and a side of bacon, he now carried a cook stove, a parlor base-burner, ten quarts of navy beans, a brass bedstead, a spring mattress, a jar of olives, two car-loads of lumber, eight bundles of shingles, a feather bed, six pickaxes, a small but serviceable steamboat, a cow, eight hens and a rooster, ten quarts of nitroglycerine, and a loaf of bread. It was a load for a man, but Frost-bit Frisbee was a man! He was more than a man—he was a man in love!

It was in One-eyed Jackson's beanery that Frost-bit had caught his first glimpse of Maggie O'Murphy. She was sitting on the floor eating an apple pie with her fingers. The frequenters of One-eyed Jackson's cast words at her as they came in and went out, but Frost-bit—made bashful by the sudden love that welled in his heart—stood silent, gazing at her with awe as pie followed pie.

"Twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight!" he counted and sighed. "Say, she's a dandy! Twenty-nine. Thirty. Thirty-one! *Thirty-two!*"

What health! What appetite! No wonder he glowed with joyous love and yet he was sad! Sad? Sad indeed, for he knew naught but a gold mine, a Golconda, could supply the food necessary to stoke that beautiful human furnace.

"Me for the Stewed Prune River, which they say don't exist, but maybe it does," said Frost-bit in his rough language. "I'll run the risk. I'll die or I'll find that rich lode old Lop-jawed Guggins spoke of. And if I do? Then I'll be pie furnisher for this here Maggie for life."

"You've got another guess coming, Frost-bit Frisbee," said a harsh voice at his elbow, and turning he saw the cruel face of Pug-nose Pete, the worst bad man in all Alaska. "You got to guess again; Mag is mine!"

With these words Pug-nose grasped the cowering girl by her flowing hair, swung her three times around his head and threw her through the window. She landed with a low gasp of pain. Drawing himself up to his full height, Frost-bit, mad with rage, raised his fist, but his better nature prevailed.

"I'd hit you if I thought it wouldn't hurt you," he said and turned away. That afternoon he started for Stewed Prune River.

The trail now led along the edge of a precipice, affording a scant two-inch foothold, and Frost-bit, weakened by lack of food, for he had eaten nothing for thirty-three days, proceeded with

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

the utmost care. The slightest misstep would throw him into the depths of the glacier, from which, a thousand feet below, issued the Stewed Prune River. For the Stewed Prune River was not a myth. From the lofty trail Frost-bit could see the chunks of twenty-two carat gold glistening in its depths, but even now, when his hopes seemed to be realized, a frightful catastrophe stared him in the face. The huge load on his back seemed to be upheaving and caving. Turning his face to the cliff, he bit into the solid rock with his teeth and held on. It was his only chance.

He still hoped for the best if his teeth did not break, for he believed the commotion in his pack was being caused by the cow. In his haste he had piled the two carloads of lumber on top of the cow, and he believed the poor animal, cramped by remaining in the same position for twenty-three days, was trying to turn over. He did not blame her. She, poor beast, did not know she was threatening him with destruction.

The Spell of Donegal

By CHARLES L. O'DONNELL

THE hills of Donegal are green,
And blue the bending sky—
For sky and hills I've never seen
The holiest love have I.

There was my father born, and there
My mother's cheeks were red.
And blessed with sacred rite and prayer
Sleep all my kindred dead.

Across the fields the storm clouds sweep,
The screaming sea-birds call,
And waiting mothers watch and weep
On the coast of Donegal.

Hundreds of leagues to west and more
My own loved country lies,
And I must seek its eastward shore
With seaward straining eyes.

Is it the legends of that isle
That hold my heart in thrall,
Its awful splendor, mile on mile,
Where thundering breakers fall?

Is it a spell of water-wraith
That thrills me through and through,
Or spirit of my father's faith
That springs in me anew?

The hills of Donegal are green
And blue the sky above—
For hills and sky I have not seen
I keep the holiest love.

"Co' boss! Co'! Co'!" he called gently, for his mouth was full of cliff; "co' boss! Lie down, you idjit!" but a harsh laugh, such as never came from the throat of cow, greeted him.

"You'll want Mag, will you?" cried the voice. "Die, then, you dawg!"

Buried beneath his pack, Frost-bit could not see what was happening above him, but he knew the voice of Pug-nose Peter, and he believed he was doomed. There was but left him to die like a man.

For Pug-nose Pete had hidden himself in the feather bed and had bided his opportunity, and at this critical spot he had cut his way out, and had climbed into a tree that extended out over the cliff. Here, with fiendish malice, he sat, his feet on Frost-bit's pack, pushing it outward from the cliff. When he willed he could cast the pack and Frost-bit to the depths and death. Believe me, he was a mean man. Frost-bit looked down at the awful depths beneath him and trembled.

"Cut the pack loose!"

Like a clarion cry the words rang forth, and Frost-bit, neither caring nor knowing whence they came, slit the pack straps with his bowie-knife. The next moment the pack disintegrated and fell and the chasm was full of feathers, two-by-fours, cow, shingles, navy beans, hens, steam-boats, roosters, bread and nitroglycerine. And Maggie O'Murphy! Yes, touched by his love, Maggie O'Murphy had concealed herself in the loaf of bread and had come all the way on Frost-bit's back. This may seem impossible, but it is no more impossible than other things that happen on the northern trail. It was a large loaf of bread.

As Frost-bit gazed at the falling junk and at Maggie he closed his eyes, dreading to see her dashed to pieces—to see that fair form mangled—but love, love such as only the frozen north can produce, gave Maggie O'Murphy the strength of Vulcan. It was her only chance and a desperate one, but as she fell she leaped astride the loaf of bread that had been her lodging, and with one hand reached forth and grabbed the engine from the inwards of the steamboat. Another grab and she had the propeller. Then, quick as thought, she threw together a rough framework, skinned the cow and stretched the hide over the frame she had made, set the engine spinning, and the next moment she was whirring upward in this crude but serviceable aeroplane.

"Jump!" she cried, and Frost-bit leaped, but so did Pug-nose Pete! Far out over the chasm they leaped, but Maggie depressed her forward rudder, and the aeroplane, in a graceful swoop, slid under Frost-bit and he was safe. But Pug-nose Pete, in his impetuosity, had leaped too far. Let us turn our heads, for the sight is too painful.

"Darling," said Frost-bit, "I can hardly believe a frail creature like you could do what you have done."

"Say, hun! I don't believe it myself," said Maggie, "but it ain't nothin' to what they do in Alaska novels."

The Finger-Print Test in Art

Establishing the authenticity of canvases painted by the great masters hundreds of years ago; applying modern science to the determination of questions that have puzzled connoisseurs for generations

WILL it be possible for the future art lover to determine the authenticity of a painting, the authorship of which is disputed, beyond the peradventure of a doubt?

There have been numberless paintings and pieces of sculpture attributed to this artist or that, and up to the present time, in most instances, it has been impossible for the most eminent art critic to say of such and such a picture that it was painted by so and so—but only that it was of the school of so and so. He does not go further. His reputation as a critic is at stake, and if it can be shown that the picture he said was painted by a certain artist was painted by some student in his atelier, his reputation would be seriously injured.

As one of the great art critics in New York City recently said: "How is it possible, after three or four hundred years, without any marks of identification, to say with absolute certainty that such and such a painting was painted by such and such an artist unless its complete history is known in detail? All that I ever do, after making a thorough examination of the painting, is to say that it is of the school of so and so. I would not take an unknown painting and dare to say with definiteness that it was painted by a particular artist."

Recently there was discovered in New York a painting which was turned over to a restorer, who, after completing his work, said to the owner:

"You have a most remarkable find. I will tell you privately your painting was painted by _____," mentioning the name of one of the greatest artists of all ages, "and if you say in public that I made such a statement, I will deny it. I could not afford to say so in public."

Now, as recent investigations have shown, it may, after all, be possible to say that a painting three or four or five hundred years old was painted by Raphael or Michael Angelo or Leonardo da Vinci, none of whom by any chance signed their paintings. And, furthermore, the information on which the findings or the authenticity of the paintings will be based will not be the result of any work done by art critics, curators of art museums, or other people with a knowledge of painting, but by men whose work lies in an entirely different field.

THE new method of determining the authenticity of a painting is, in the first instance, to examine it carefully under a microscope, for the purpose of finding out if the artist may have used his hands for the purpose of moulding the paint. If he did, he probably left impressions of his finger prints in the paint, which time, no matter how many years have passed, cannot eradicate. The signature on a painting can be forged, the painting itself can be copied; if the original is old, the copy can be aged, but a finger-print cannot be forged, and there never were two alike and never will be. Therefore, if we have a painting that we know was painted by some

By THOMAS D. HOXSEY

great artist of the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries, and somewhere on its surface the impressions of finger-prints can be discerned, either by aid of the magnifying glass or the photographic lens, and another painting the history of which is not known, and the second painting shows the same finger-prints as the first—then the same man painted both pictures. There is no jury in the world, even if made up of art critics, which could bring in a verdict to the contrary. Men have been convicted of murder and hanged on the testimony of finger-print experts.

The idea that most people have of finger-print records is that they are exclusively devoted to the detection of crime—and therefore they fight shy of experimenting with them. Finger-printing is a comparatively new science, its practical development hardly antedating the present century. It supplemented, but did not supersede the Bertillon method of measurements for the detection of crime; and, in the opinion of police officials, is a much surer method of detecting the identity of a criminal, because finger-prints are absolute impressions taken from the body itself under conditions which eliminate error—and the patterns of impressions and the ridges of which they are composed retain their individual peculiarities absolutely unchanged throughout life.

While the science of finger-printing was originally evolved for the purpose of identifying criminals, it has, in the last ten years, developed far beyond its original purpose. During the war every soldier of the American army, either in France or in this country, left behind him in the records of the War Department the impression of his ten fingers, and today the system is so perfected that out of the millions of impressions taken, a particular impression can be identified in a few hours' time. After the war, various institutions throughout the country adopted the system as a means of identification of their employees; in some cases savings institutions have adopted it as a means of identification of their depositors. Their signatures to a check might be forged, but the finger-print cannot.

There are known to science eight standard types of finger-prints patterns, viz.: the Plain Arch, Tented, Arch, Loop, Whorl, Lateral Pocket Loop, Central Pocket Loop, and Accidentals. An expert can easily identify the type to which an impression belongs. When the prejudice now existing in the public mind has been dissipated, there will be a further and further use of the system, until eventually the whole civilized world may be recorded.

THE idea of applying the finger-print test for the purpose of ascertaining the authorship of a painting, so far as is known, originated with Sir Charles Holmes, curator of the National Gallery in London. There is in the National Gallery a

painting known as the "Virgin of the Rocks," which in the opinion of many art experts was painted by that master of painting, science, and philosophy, Leonardo da Vinci. There are other equally eminent art experts who say that the picture was not painted by Leonardo da Vinci. The National Gallery paid some \$40,000 for the painting in the belief that Leonardo had painted it. For years there has been a wordy warfare over it, one side contending that it was Leonardo's, and the other side contending with equal force that it was a copy of the original "Virgin of the Rocks," known to be painted by him, and hanging in the Louvre, Paris. The second side contended that the National Gallery picture had been copied from the original by a student of Leonardo. The controversy has waged for years.

Sir Charles Holmes, while of the opinion that no other than Leonardo had painted the National Gallery picture, could not produce convincing evidence to that effect. One day while examining the painting under a microscope, he noticed certain impressions on the figure of the Christ Child which made him believe that they were the result of the artist having used his fingers to mould the paint on different parts of the body. With this idea in mind, he called in the finger-print experts of Scotland Yard and they took photographs of the painting with a finger-print camera. When the pictures were developed there was the unmistakable evidence of distinct finger-print impressions. The next step, naturally was to secure photographs of the "Virgin of the Rocks," in the Louvre. This was done. Upon development, the Louvre photographs also showed clear impressions of finger-prints. The Scotland Yard experts compared the photographs of the two paintings and reported that both pictures had been painted by the same man. Therefore it followed that if the Louvre picture had been painted by Leonardo da Vinci, the National Gallery picture had been painted by him also. Even an art expert could not deny the evidence laid face up before him.

THE next step in the application of the science of finger-printing to the identification of a work of art is of peculiar interest to our own country. An American captain in France married a French lady who owned a very beautiful chateau in which there was a gallery of fine paintings. One of the paintings was almost exactly similar to the painting known as "La Belle Ferronniere" in the Louvre in Paris. Madame Haan, for that was the lady's married name, had always understood that her painting was by the hand of Leonardo da Vinci. When the captain and his wife returned to this country, after the Armistice, negotiations were entered into for the sale of the picture to the Museum of Fine Arts in Kansas City. The sum of \$500,000 was agreed to for its purchase, provided it could be shown that Leonardo painted it. The question, but not the picture, was submitted to Sir Joseph

Duveen, the eminent art expert, who stated that the Haan picture was not painted by Leonardo. The result was that negotiations for the sale of the picture were held in abeyance, whereupon suit was brought by Madame Haan against Sir Joseph Duveen, to recover the full amount of the sale's price. The suit is now pending in the Supreme Court of the State of New York. Testimony, by deposition, has been taken in London, in Paris, in Rome, in Milan, and in Florence. One expert declares the painting to be by Leonardo. The next declares that Leonardo did not paint it.

It was after the various depositions had been taken that counsel for Madame Haan conceived the idea of applying the finger-print test to the various pictures in European galleries and to the picture owned by her. Photographs were made of the same "Virgin of the Rocks," referred to above, "La Belle Ferronniere," the "Madonna and Child with St. Anne," and the "Mona Lisa" in the Louvre, and the "St. Jerome" in the Vatican, all known to be indisputably the handiwork of Leonardo. Photographs were then made of Madame Haan's picture and brought to this country, where they were turned over to an eminent finger-print expert, who was not given any information as to the nature of the photographs, but asked to examine them for finger-print impressions. His evidence, in the form of an affidavit, affirms that all the paintings mentioned above, including the Haan painting, contain the impressions of the right thumb of the same man. It is on this evidence that Madame Haan bases her hopes of winning her suit against Sir Joseph Duveen, which is for the purpose of securing a judicial determination that the picture in question was painted by Leonardo da Vinci. If such a decision is rendered, it will be a remarkable evidence of the permanency of finger-print impressions, when it is realized that Leonardo has been dead for slightly over four hundred years. With all his genius—for the invention of aeroplanes and of tanks similar to those used in the World War, with the exception of their motive power, were not the greatest of his discoveries—he would probably be surprised if he could come back today and see photographs of his finger-prints used as evidence in a modern court of law.

* * *

BUT this is not all. An even more recently reported discovery of a painting by Leonardo da Vinci has been submitted to the finger-print test, and the finger-print expert who made the examination, covering a period of several weeks, reports that the picture contains the same finger-print impressions as the paintings mentioned in the Haan suit against Sir Joseph Duveen. The painting in question is owned by an art connoisseur of New York City. He has been in the habit for years of frequenting auction sales of old paintings, and at one time he purchased a portrait of The Baroness Barmidellen, the wife of the first Earl of Cardigan, forefather of the Earl of that name who led the charge of the Light Brigade at the battle of Balaklava, made immortal by Lord Tennyson. When he purchased the portrait of the Baroness he was told by the auctioneer that a picture, black with age, only the portion of one curl showing on the entire surface, was included in the sale.

The purchaser took the blackened painting to a restorer, who, after removing the blackened surface found underneath the figure of St. John the Baptist, almost similar in execution to the "St. John" in the Louvre in Paris painted by Leonardo himself. The picture differs slightly

from the Louvre painting in that in the New York painting the expression of the face is milder. There were also other differences, but to the casual observer there would be no question that the same hand painted both. Such evidence, however, is not convincing, and the owner determined to submit it to the finger print expert for examination. The result of his investigation is submitted in the form of an affidavit from which may be excerpted the following statement of facts:

"After several hours' examination of this painting with magnifying glasses, I found positive finger-print evidence left in the paint by whoever it was that painted the picture. I further state that the paint showed contours of lines of the plain arch type with a scar which I describe as similar to a figure 8, with space between the circles or two circles.

On the evening of November 10, 1922, I did, with no advice, without any aid, but with my own hands mould with plaster of paris a thumb impression to illustrate my findings in the paint of this said St. John oil painting, and that on November 13th, 1922, I photographed with a finger print camera this same oil painting in six areas showing finger print evidence of the artist himself. I spent sixty actual hours in careful examinations of this painting in ascertaining the type of finger print pattern and in calibrating the scarred digit,—this was accomplished between November 9 and November 14, 1922.

It was suggested to me on November 14, 1922, that the painting I had been examining and on which I had discovered the positive finger print evidence contained in the original paint itself thereon, may have been executed by an old master of art. It was further suggested for the first time that I visit the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City for the purpose of examining original photographs of original oil paintings acknowledged to be and attributed to the hand of past master of art—one Leonardo Da Vinci—and that this occurred at 2:50 P.M. on November 14, 1922, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City, at which time I was handed numerous photographs and without any further suggestion on the part of anyone or any person or persons connected with the Metropolitan Museum of Art, or otherwise, I, unaided or assisted in any manner, examined the numerous photographs with magnifying glasses and picked out a photograph of the face of an old man, also one of the neck of the same old man, the photo of the face of a woman, and that these photographs contained and showed positive finger print evidence. This said finger print evidence is identical with the finger print evidence shown on the picture, St. John, which I examined and photographed in certain areas on November 13, 1922, and that then and there at the Metropolitan Museum of Art I photographed with my finger print camera the certain areas showing contours of lines of the plain arch type of finger print impressions showing together in certain areas with the scar described in this affidavit as a figure eight or circles.

It was after the examination and photographing of the photograph of the face and neck of the old man and face of the woman and my examination of other photographs that I, for the first time, was informed after I had found on these photographs the same contours of line with the scar described herein as a figure eight or two circles, and that they were the same evidence I found on the St. John painting. I was then told that the photographs I had just photographed were entitled and located as follows: The old man's photograph was the photograph of the painting of St. Jerome located in the Vatican, Rome; that the woman's face was a photograph of St. Anne of the painting Madonna and Child, with St. Anne, located in the Louvre, Paris, and that the photograph examined but not photographed was the Mona Lisa of the Louvre, Paris, and that the paintings from which the photographs were taken were the work of Leonardo da Vinci. I then told the owner that the finger prints appearing on all the paintings enumerated above, including his St. John, were identical as to ridge formation, showing contours of line and the scarred evidence mentioned herein.

Previous to the visit to the Metropolitan Museum of Art on November 14, 1922, I had never made any examinations of any oil paintings of photographs of oil paintings for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not they contained finger print evidence, with the exception of the one painting,

St. John, mentioned herein as having been examined for the first time on November 9, 1922.

Having derived certain positive finger print evidence, and having through the science of deduction based on anatomical facts, unaided and unassisted in any manner or form continued my investigation on the oil painting of St. John (marked for identification) up to December 9, 1922, when on that date I for the first time in my life saw and was convinced that the finger prints of a human digit left contours of lines of the plain arch type (as known to the Finger Print Profession) on the oil painting at the National Gallery, London, entitled "The Virgin of the Rocks," and that this painting is acknowledged as a Leonardo da Vinci masterpiece. I further state that I for the first time on December 9, 1922, saw the reproductions of finger prints appearing on the Virgin of the Rocks in the National Gallery, London, reproduced under the direction of Sir Charles Holmes, curator of the National Gallery, London, England, and I found the finger print reproduced to have the same identical ridge characteristics and scarred evidence I found originally on the St. John painting on November 9th, 1922, and identical with the characteristics and scar evidence appearing on the Madonna and Child with St. Anne and Mona Lisa of the Louvre and the St. Jerome of the Vatican, Rome.

* * *

IF the sworn testimony of the finger-print expert in the matter of identifying a painting is of as much value as that used in criminal identification, then it is evident that a new field of labor is ahead of the man who has made a study of the science of finger printing, for in every gallery in Europe and in every gallery in this country there are pictures, the authorship of which cannot be established, unless some such method is applicable.

The fact is not generally known, and it is offered here simply as contributory evidence, that Leonardo did paint two pictures of St. John, the one in the Louvre, the other having been lost. Osvald Siren, the eminent critic of Leonardo's work, says in his book, "Leonardo da Vinci":

"It seems, however, that the Baptist was not composed in a single effort, but preceded by another half-length figure partly of the same character, although somewhat simpler. This early version is known only through a drawing by a pupil in one of Leonardo's sketch book sheets at Windsor, and by later Milanese copies in the possession of Mr. W. G. Waters in London, of Dr. F. Sarasin in Basil, and in the hermitage at St. Petersburg. It is not known by any work of Leonardo's own hand whether in drawing or painting. However, it is possible that Leonardo really painted such a picture; for, as has recently been pointed out by Emil Moeler, the composition entirely corresponds to that mentioned by Vasari: 'The Angel who lifts one arm so that it is seen in foreshortening from the elbow to the shoulder, while the other is carried with the hand to the breast.' So it seems this early version was not a Baptist but an angel, characterized in the drawing by a wing; but the type and shape remain the same in the Baptist.

"The pupils' drawing on the sheet in Windsor can be dated 1506 or 1507, and it is probable that the picture was done at about the same time. While it is thus not quite accurate to talk of two different versions of the John the Baptist, it must at any rate be admitted that the early one, the Angel, was a direct preparation for the later one; that is, the Baptist proper. The same compositional and coloristic problems were developed in both, although evidently carried to a higher pitch in the later picture."

It may be that the knowledge of finger prints is not as young as we think it is. It is even possible that Leonardo da Vinci added that knowledge to the vast variety that he was known to possess, or if he didn't that some contemporary of his had noted the fact that the great master used his fingers to mould the paint on his pictures—for Morrelli, a contemporary of Leonardo, referring to a painting by Francesco de Melzi, pupil of Leonardo, says there was evidence of the master's work on the ear of the figure and also in the contours of lines.

Boy-Building as a Life Work

"Efficiency and physical well-being go hand in hand," says Major Beals, commanding officer at Camp Roosevelt, who knows boys better perhaps than any other individual in America today

WOULD you choose the army as a career?" "Do you think my boy would make a good lawyer, or doctor, or salesman?" as the case may be. These are some of the questions asked of Major F. L. Beals, superintendent and commanding officer of Camp Roosevelt, by hundreds of parents who yearly send their boys to that boy-building institution on Silver Lake, near LaPorte, Indiana. They themselves are unable to analyze their son's varying characteristics, and they turn trustingly, with perfect faith in the mandate of the major, knowing that his ultimatum is pretty sure to hit the nail on the head.

Because of his constant dealings with boys, more no doubt because of his genuine love for boys and his heart-to-heart comradeship with them, Major Beals knows boys better perhaps than any one individual in the country today. For many years he lived close to them at military schools, where he was Commandant of Cadets. Since that time he has worked and planned and studied the needs of boys through the Departments of Physical Education and Military Training in the Chicago High Schools, twenty-three in number, and more recently at the camp which he founded. But it is at Camp Roosevelt that the major's work in building better boys is put into concrete shape, and here it is that the results are readily manifest.

"Won't you please talk to Herbert, for I know he will listen to you, and anything you may say to him will have effect? Since he is growing up, we don't seem to understand one another, and I can't get close to him," comes from one father.

"If you can observe the lad, and dig out what I can do to get closer to his confidence, you will have conferred a favor that I will not be able to estimate," is another. These are but a few, typical of the kind of letters received daily by the major, and in each instance are followed up, and sound advice given, which almost invariably bears fruit.

"I want to thank you and your capable staff for what you have done for our son. He has been so delighted with his work, especially the school work. In his studies, such as algebra, which he was unable to grasp at our local high school, he reports that he worked every problem put before him and that he likes the instruction very much."

"My son, Adolph, returned home one hundred per cent better boy. I know the training at Camp Roosevelt will help him become a worthy citizen."

"I was in the Spanish War, and even in those days saw the need of training our youth, especially as officers, for self-protection, and when our country can induce such men as you to take the interest and care in the individual boy as you did in my boy's case, no words of mine are adequate to state the securesness one feels in sending their boys to your care and instruction."

Hundreds of letters similar to the few given

By LILLIAN EWERTSEN

above come back at the end of a busy camping season, in which a corps of over one hundred army officers, instructors, Y. M. C. A. secretaries, Red Cross directors, scout and campcraft leaders assist in making this boy-building achievement effective and far-reaching.

Every magazine or paper ever written on "Success" contains the trite statement: "You can succeed to anything, if you have but the will to do and the stick-to-itiveness to hold on long enough." If Major Beals' efforts to build better boys, through the sound establishment of Camp Roosevelt as a national institution, may be considered as the zenith of his success, his success may be attributed to his adhering strictly to the rule. While but a lad, down in the mountains

of old Tennessee, in the little town of Morganton, which no longer appears on the map, he would gather the village boys together and march them off in strict soldier fashion across the country. At the age of seventeen he entered the United States Army, and while on his tour of travels through the Philippines and South America, encountered again and again situations where he longed to get in and have a hand with boys. At first, being young and adventuresome, he did not analyze the thought that grew in his mind, but as it took firmer hold of him, he studied it and formed many conclusions about directing boys, which he became anxious to put to practical test. As a result, he sought and gained a detail with a military academy, where he immediately started his work for "Better Boys." Some of his pet theories he found would not work; new ones gave place to them, and now, after some ten years' time, in which he has had constant association with boys, he feels that he knows and understands boys from A to Z.

Others know it too. Having perfect faith in him, the United States Government, the Chicago Board of Education, the American Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., and other national and local organizations gave him their whole-hearted co-operation when he launched the project of establishing the summer boy-building institution as an auxiliary of the Chicago public school system, where boys could be kept off the busy streets of the city, out of bad companionship, and chiefly where they could be taught, in an elementary way, the principles of American citizenship. This camp, now in its sixth year, is the only camp of its kind in existence, and is rapidly growing. During the summer of 1922, twenty states were represented, and the accommodations were taxed to capacity limit. It is in the nature of a public institution, boys being required to pay but a nominal fee for attendance. Major Beals donates his entire services to the work, and secures, in addition, the gratuitous services of many members of the staff.

Perhaps nothing can give a better idea of his fitness for this work than a brief record of the major's long service, which in itself reads like a thrilling story and grips the imagination of boys. His service as an enlisted man carried him to all of the dependencies of the United States. He assisted in laying the cable across Laguna de Bay, ran telegraph lines through some of the wildest parts of the Philippines, and had many novel experiences while engaged in the construction work of the Signal Corps. Among the actions, he took part in General Schwan's expedition, the battle of Imus, near Big Bend, at which he was wounded and later cited for "coolness and courage under fire," and the skirmish near Majayjay, Philippine Islands, where he was in command of the detachment. On October 9, 1903, he was discharged as sergeant in the Coast Artillery to accept a commission as second lieutenant of infantry. As a commissioned



MAJOR F. L. BEALS, U.S.A., Commanding Officer at Camp Roosevelt, has made the training and development of boys—physically, mentally, and morally—his profession. His is a time-tried, carefully-worked-out system for building "Better Boys" that has accomplished wonders in building up the morale and developing the physical well-being of thousands of boys



PHYSICAL DRILLS occupy an important part of each day's program of mingled study, work and play at Camp Roosevelt, imparting to the students the snap, alertness and erect bearing of the well-trained soldier

officer, his activities were many and varied. Perhaps among the most interesting was his service with Colonel Morris during the memorable earthquake and fire in San Francisco. Later, he saw service as military attache to the American embassy at Petropolis, Brazil.

In the Chicago schools he has succeeded in establishing the largest Reserve Officers' Training Corps in the United States, numbering over five thousand. In a recent bulletin issued by the War Department of the United States Government, announcement was made of fourteen R. O. T. C. units throughout the country which have been designated "Honor Schools." Of this number, two are Chicago high schools.

His work in the Physical Education Department in the Chicago schools is equally noteworthy. He tries to specialize the training that individual benefit to the student will accrue not only physically, but mentally.

"Efficiency and physical well-being go hand in hand," says Major Beals, "and efficiency is absolutely dependent upon his fellow, physical well-being. All these things are within the reach of each of us, and they can be attained by simple, natural methods. The man who had neglected exercise, and drifted into the class of the physically unfit, faces a galaxy of systems, apparatus and workouts that are staggering, when he tries to 'come back' physically." The course of study for use in the high schools as outlined by him puts into practical use these simple, efficacious methods.

During the summer of 1918, shortly after coming to the Chicago school system, he inaugurated and put into execution the Camp Steever Plan for training civilians for army duty, on the same plan as the Plattsburg camp. Men of prominence and wealth from all over the country attended this camp, which was held at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. Even here Major Beals' "boy development" idea was put into effect, for he



placed young men just out of military school, in charge of the instruction, and the results obtained are too well known to need further comment. Edgar Rice Burroughs, author of "Tarzan of the Apes," and other Tarzan stories, says in an article entitled "Can Twenty-one Command Thirty-five?": "I saw a number of examples of youthful mental efficiency and mature physical efficiency recently at the Second Senior Civilian Training Camp at Camp Steever. I saw there exemplified, as I have seen it exemplified constantly in all walks of life since my youth, the truth that age has little or no bearing upon the question of efficiency.

"To this Second Senior Civilian Camp had been invited especially men from the Reserve Militia and Volunteer Training Corps Unit of the country. There were lawyers, doctors, and business men from the upper ranks of their various callings. I do not know the average age of the 515 men attending, but I should imagine that it was well up in the middle thirties, and there were a number who appeared to me to be

over sixty. On the other hand, there were comparatively few under twenty. The majority of these men had had previous military training in the regular army, in the National Guard, or other military training camps, and in the Reserve Militia units, which had taken the place of the Federalized National Guard. There were lieutenants, captains, majors, and colonels.

"There were four companies and four captain-instructors. They had full charge of our training, discipline, and the bulk of our instruction, and not one of the four was twenty-one years of age." (As a matter of fact, not one of the four was nineteen.)

"It doesn't require a particularly imaginative mind to visualize the problems which confronted these young men.

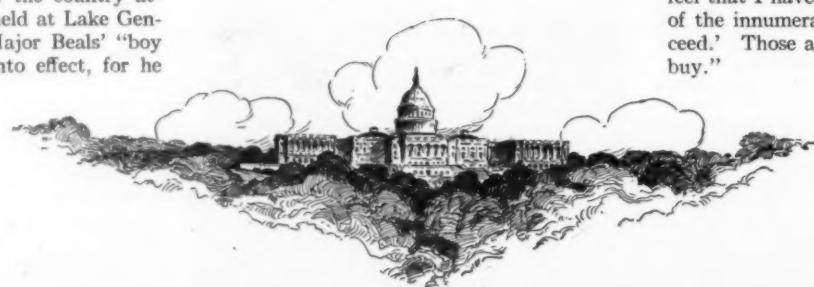
"The personnel of the camp represented social and professional pre-eminence, wealth, and dig-

SWIMMING also is on the list of requirements. Every boy must learn to swim and dive, and to take care of himself or a disabled companion in the water

nity of age, many of the men being old enough to be the Major's grandfather."

Mr. Burroughs himself, a man who has attained fame and fortune, served under these boys, for, after all, they were only boys in years, and the above quotations are his impression of what their training has accomplished for them.

"If the figures on the right side of the bank book show how far on the ladder of success a man has climbed," said Major Beals, "I would have to be counted among those who 'also ran,' but I would rather walk down the street and receive the handshake and see the grin of some young chap who'd stop me and say, 'Hello, Major, 'member me? I was with you at Camp Roosevelt in '19'—or '20, or '21, or '22, as the case may be, and which is becoming almost a daily occurrence. When a lad who has gone out into the business world and started to build his own career, seeks me in my office and frankly lays before me his problems and asks my advice, then, indeed, do I feel that I have reached the final chapter in any of the innumerable text-books on 'How to Succeed.' Those are the things which money can't buy."



The "Lambaster"

The veracious chronicle of a journalistic venture that came to an abrupt and inglorious end—showing how the highest altruistic motives are often misunderstood

THINGS had been going badly with Plupy of late. The general financial stringency in the money market was making itself felt in his vicinity, and Plupy himself was feeling the cruel pinch of poverty. Beany and Pewt were also struggling with pecuniary adversity and with great difficulty keeping their heads above water.

The spring store in the woodshed, with its gaily-colored and home-made fly boxes, Jacob's ladders, snappers, pictures from the *Police News* and *Coddy's Magazine* its cigars manufactured of writing-book paper made into little cylinders by winding it round lead pencils and gluing the overlapping edges with gum arabic, removing the pencil, drying the cylinder and stuffing it with sweet fern, hayseed, powdered mullein leaf or dried corn silk; its bar with the fly-specked, broken-nosed pitcher and handleless cups from which was decanted and drunk sweetened water; its gaudy gilt ornaments made by girl friends, had been long discontinued, its receipts in the shape of old iron, broken bolts and nuts, rusty nails, pieces of zinc and lead and copper, all of which were legal tender and easily exchangeable at the hardware stores, per pound, for cash, had been divided and lavished on gooseberries, jujube paste, taffy on a stick, cocoanut cakes and other delightful and cloying confections dear to the palate of adolescent youth.

Bankruptcy had then been avoided by collecting bones from back yards and gardens, which, as the snow melted from the gardens, appeared in immense quantities, and were also the medium of exchange for cash at the same emporium.

But the period between the melting of the snow and the making of gardens was a very dry period for the boys. Never had those hard and mottled gooseberries in Si Smith's windows seemed half so attractive or so far removed. Never had the jujube paste looked so melting and so delicious.

"Got any chink?" "Not a gol-darned red," was the question and answer always heard when the boys met.

Several councils of war were held as the situation became desperate, and some original ideas were broached, which were impracticable after consideration.

Beany advocated hiring a horse and taking parties out to ride, but diligent inquiries at the livery stables were met with discouraging determination on the part of the proprietors to have payment in advance.

Plupy finally agreed to sell his collection of birds' eggs, but when he went to get them, found to his intense sorrow that a half cord of wood had been dumped on them where he had carelessly left them overnight.

Pewt was so overwhelmed by the seriousness of the loss that he had no scheme to offer, so Plupy again put on his thinking cap and thought so vigorously that his brows were furrowed with

By JUDGE HENRY A. SHUTE

lines, his ears moved and his scalp twitched horribly as he scowled.

"Telyer what, fellers, p'raps if we can get anything to sell, we could do suthin. Lessee, Pewt, do yer father's hens lay any now?"

"They lay well enough, but since I hooked 'em the last time father keeps the door of the coop locked."

"Gorry," said Beany, "the' aint nothin' at my house I can get."

"What about Pewt's printin' press? We might print some cards," suggested Plupy.

"Huh! no, th' aint no chance to do anything. The *News Letter* Job Print will print cards cheaper than we can. Then most of the people who ordered cards wouldn't take 'em."

"Course they wouldn't," scoffed Beany. "You printed William Tanner's cards 'Bill Tanner' and Miss Margaret Donovan's 'Mag Donovan'; whater 'spect?"

"Well, anyway," said Pewt, by way of justification, "everybody calls 'em 'Bill' and 'Mag.'"

"We might print a newspaper. P'raps we could sell it. I heard my father say that the *News Letter* was so tame that there wasn't no fun in readin' it. He said the 'wan't nothin' in it, but 'somebody was enjoyin' the visit of somebody else' or 'somebody had painted his house,' or 'somebody had gone to Eppin' for a visit,' or 'Willie Somebody hadn't been absent nor tardy during the term.'"

"My father said," chimed in Beany, "that if somebody started a paper that would print real news in it, he could make gobs of money."

"I say, fellers," said Pewt, "less try it. Franklin printed a paper once when he was a boy."

"Huh! Franklin didn't print no paper; he invented lightning," said Beany.

"Betcher!"

"Betcher!"

"Whattleyoubet?"

"Whatt eyou?"

"Don't daster?"

"You don't daster neither!"

"Aw!"

"Aw!"

"Come on, fellers, quit jawin' now. How about printin' a newspaper?"

So a conference was held, and it was determined that the paper should be a weekly. That they should all contribute to the columns as writers and reporters, and labor at its setting up as compositors, and when the sheet was completed, to hawk it through the town themselves as newsboys.

The title caused them some heartburning and more or less raucous dispute. Pewt opined that a bold title like "A Jolt in the Slats," or "The Sidewinder" would have a tendency to attract the public eye and at the same time to concisely

explain the viewpoint of the editors to be "Hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may."

Plupy rather objected to the coarse materialism of the title, and being more of an impressionist than Pewt, suggested "The Echo," because, as he said, an echo never lied but always repeated things correctly.

Beany said he didn't care a darn about the name; that the thing to do was to get the paper started and collect the "dosh" for it, and so after some further discussion it was decided to call it the "Lambaster," to indicate its policy of reform in "knockin' the everlastin' pea-green stuffin' outer folly, crime and foolishness," as its prospectus, written by Plupy, stated.

The first edition of the paper opened with a short editorial by Plupy, in which he stated the crying need of an independent paper, "cauzed by thE eVazif polisy Of our IsteameD conTemPoraRy," pledging the "honner" of the editors and proprietors to deal with "plane fax," and to call a "spaid" a "sPaId" at "Al" times.

Then followed a Fast Day proclamation of Governor Gilman's, which would have been correct but for the fact that Governor Gilman had been dead many, many years. But then this was of very little importance anyway. The only salient point was the announcement of the date.

The second column was taken up by original humor, copied, the greater part of it, from the back part of divers back numbers of *Harper's*, of which magazine Plupy's father had for years been a subscriber.

Occasionally what might have been an original joke crept in, as this gem:

"What is the auze of the feerfull stink on front Strete?"

"Answer. The sMeI of decaid jentility."

As Front Street was the one street sacred to the old families, some of whom were in rather reduced circumstances, this little fillip must have been intensely gratifying to them, and delighted beyond measure certain of the plain people who were extremely jealous of the contemptuously termed "Royal families."

An original, unquestionably original, poem, by Beany, a poem with badly spavined meter, in which home rhymed, or was used to rhyme with groan, or to be more accurate "grone," and other slight imperfections, appeared. However it was very sad, very melancholy, very hopeless, as was the fashion in those days.

There was some advertising matter on the second page, evidently space-filling only, without money and without price.

Indeed, had it not been for one interesting notice, the readers of the paper would have had some misgivings as to the ostensible aim of the paper being in consonance with its title. This was in the nature of a friendly warning to a transgressor and read as follows:

"If the Man with a red muchtach whitch worKs in the haRdware stoA R don't stopp hanGing rouNd the House on the conner of temple

strete we will tell his wife and her huSband in our paper. Sech things hadent aught to be alouD."

That the first edition of the *Lambaster* created a mild sensation was not surprising. The sale rapidly exhausted the supply of papers, only about one hundred having been printed. These sold readily at two cents, and with the proceeds the editors, proprietors, compositors, foremen and newsboys bought a large supply of paper and printers' ink and prepared for a red pepper edition for the following week. New reformers, generally do not have to look far for work. In any small or large community there are many abuses awaiting remedy, many nuisances to be abated, many conditions of things fairly pining for improvement. Sherlock Holmes found the services of small boys of the greatest service in ferreting out crime, and Sherlock was a very keen blade when he intrusted commissions to them.

So these three boys, thoroughly interested in their work, and enthusiastic for the right, began to canvass the town in the interest of the Goddess Reform, and found abundant work. They listened to conversations, trailed reputable citizens after dark, hung around saloons, billiard halls and barber shops where gossip and scandal was dealt in both wholesale and retail, and as a result of their arduous labors they had amassed and printed at the day of issue a mass of items that astonished, amazed, delighted, scandalized and horrified the entire population.

Even at this late day it would be unwise to more than hint at the amazing disclosures of this first yellow journal, and to say but for the very opportune arrival of a disastrous fire which swept away a large part of the main business street of the town, the consequences of the publication would have been very far-reaching.

The editorial was short and to the point. It spoke of the determination of the editors to strangle the hydra-headed monster of debauchery and crime that had swept over the town, and to purify the manners and morals of the citizens, and the first crack off the bat was certainly a base-hit. It was in the form of a question and answer which tended to show that the aim of the paper was to have a pat answer to any question asked.

"Question. Had enny MAn aught to go riding with a notHer man's wife at nite in a topP buGy. If he hasn't then Bill Archibald has dun rong last SaTuRday nite."

The next brought in six home runs.

"Bewair!

"Them six felLows whitch play cArds over the oicster salooN oN the conneR of wAtEr and scenter stReteS had beTTer stopp it. IF They DonT we shall pubLish thAre naims. One wiRks in the poSt ofice, 1 wiRks in ThE founDry one in a druG sTorE, one in A growSeRy stoRe and oNE don'T wirk enny. A worD to tHE wizE is suFfisienT."

"Don't get mAd, Pat this is a frenDly wARning."

"If Pat HennesSy licks his wiFE agAin we aRe going to tell whAre he gets his licker and then Jack Devlin hAd bettEr look or he will be persecutED to the Extent of thE law."

"The biBle says thou shAlt not covEt thy naborS wiFe. if the rEverent JosEph SnApp hAs got a bible We gess that leef is tear ouT. We hoAp we shAll not have to mEnshon this AgAin."

In this artless way did the editors enter the lists with folly, crime and foolishness as their dread opponents. In this direct but unobtrusive manner did they seek to point out to erring sin-

ners the straight and narrow path, to raise up the fallen, to help the unfortunate.

To say that the paper sold would feebly express the tremendous rush for it. The paper containing the news of the firing on Sumter, or the surrender of Lee at Appomattox was not sought for more eagerly than this little, unpretentious, uplifting tract bearing its message to the downfallen. Scarcely had the first piping calls of the newsboys shrilled out upon the bleak air of early spring when a ravenous mob surrounded them. Everyone fought for papers—coppers, nickels and even ten-cent pieces rained down upon the boys. Nobody waited for change, but as soon as he obtained the coveted sheet became absorbed in its contents, generally lifting his voice to heaven in loud howls of delight, and slapping his knee and anon bending double with keen enjoyment.

Plupy, Beany and Pewt were in their element. They had become literary characters; they were appreciated by their contemporaries; they were giving keen pleasure to hundreds; they were instituting reforms; they were making money; they jingled as they walked, jingled with silver, nickel and copper.

They ran their hands into their pockets and let the coins rattle through their fingers with musical clinkings. They wondered how much money they had earned. Sordid thoughts! What did the money amount to? Money! there was plenty of that; all they would have to do was to publish their paper, and money would flow in upon them in a stream. But this was fame. Fame!

They strolled along looking patronizingly upon the convulsed crowd.

"Oh! You fellers do beat the devil," cried one man holding his sides.

"That's right," said another, "give 'em hell. They ain't got no friends."

"I think you boys are doing the right thing," said a lady of severe cast of countenance, "and I only wish some of our grown men who publish papers had half of your courage. Really you have reason to be proud."

Whether or not the boys had reason to be proud, they certainly were very proud. This praise was as incense to their nostrils. They guessed their fathers and mothers would think they were pretty smart boys. Perhaps after this when they saw their sons going down to the Savings Bank every Friday to put in their "chink," they would be sorry for some things they had said to them and about them.

It required some courage and grit to do this. It wasn't everybody who dast to do it. The *News-Letter* man didn't daster. Huh! Nobody need ever be afraid to speak the truth, and they guessed they were not afraid. Lessee, who was this feller coming along. It looked like Bill Archibald. Gosh! it is Bill Archibald.

The three boys paused and visibly shrunk. "Gosh!" said Plupy, "d'ye s'pose he sees us?"

Just then Bill broke into a run, pouring out blasphemies. Beany dashed down an alley with his legs going like spokes of a wheel. Pewt dove into a store and out the back way. Plupy, with the homing instinct of an Antwerp pigeon, dashed for Court Street. Bill followed. Plupy had twenty yards start and ran like a greyhound. With head thrown back, skinny arms gyrating like wind-mills and hands vigorously clawing the air, and long legs fairly whirring, he legged it for home.

Across the Square they went like flying shadows. Bill gained steadily. His outstretched hand came nearer and nearer to Plupy's collar.

Now he had him; but no, for Plupy, ducking like a rabbit, made a spasmodic, jumping-jack vault to one side, and Bill, overreaching himself, fell flat on his face, and before he could arise Plupy turned the corner like a frantic daddy-longlegs, and Bill, cursing like a pirate, turned down a side street.

The publication caused a most tremendous sensation. Those who were mentioned were wild with wrath and eager for revenge. One of the more violent even went to the point of declaring that if he couldn't catch Plupy before night, he would be on the lookout for Plupy's father at the five-thirty train from Boston and wipe the floor with him. Pewt's and Beany's respective fathers, having good reason to believe that Plupy was the ringleader in all the joint deviltry of the three boys, promptly and with generous vigor and impartiality tanned the hides of their respective sons, and felt that they had made such amends for the outrage as lay within their means, and viewed the storm with complacency, not unmixed with amused appreciation.

But Plupy's father was a different proposition. An extremely pliable, easy-going and good-natured man when handled right, he was one of the most obstinate, defiant and mulish when any attempt was made to intimidate or to drive him.

Had any one of the injured parties approached him in a conciliatory spirit and had said, "George, I feel pretty badly about this, and I look to you to set things right," he would have done everything to salve their wounded dignity and to make amends, and to this end Plupy would have fared badly under that precept of Holy Writ, "Woe to that man by whom the offence cometh."

But when Bill Archibald, thirsting for gore, met the elder Shute at the station and told him with many oaths that unless he "whaled the liver outer that damned pup boy of his" he would "have his blankity blank tripe," and further, indicated his due purpose of abstracting that worthy gentleman's "tripe" by thrusting a gnarled and knotted fist under his nose, the old gentleman woke up to the situation with the most refreshing promptness, and when Bill was picked up from a tangle of hack horses' feet

Dragged from among the horses' feet
With dinted shield and helmet beat,
With falcon crest and plumage gone,
Can that be haughty Marmion?

he was in no condition to come to time, if, indeed, he had wished to, which was extremely doubtful. Pat Hennessey and Jack Devlin, who were present to see the fun and if advisable to take such part in it as might be necessary to reduce the elder Shute to a condition to compromise matters, decided without argument that the time was not propitious for interference, which showed that their judgment was sound in this instance, whatever it might have been in relation to the quality of liquor Jack dispensed.

When the elder Shute reached home he was met by an agitated household. Plupy was always bringing them into trouble and disgrace. Plupy was always just escaping arrest and jail, and this time something dreadful would happen, and a copy of the fatal sheet was pressed into his hands.

Plupy's father sat down and read, sternly and unforgivingly. But as he read crinkly lines began to gather at the corners of his eyes, his eyes began to twinkle and his lips to draw up at the corners. Finally a chuckle, a snort, and then he threw back his head and roared.

"Good!" he yelled, "good enough! the boys didn't say a word too much and they told the truth."

Continued on page 139

The Rising Tide of Radicalism

Democracy today faces its greatest test. Upon the wisdom of the business men of the world depends the future of civilization—its rise or fall, its survival or submergence

IN a maze of conflicting social, political, and economic theories, of suggested nostrums and panaceas for all our ills, of clashing class and selfish interests, an American looking out upon his world might be well justified in styling his country "a nation of notions."

Josh Billings' famous observation that "the trouble with the American people is not so much their ignorance as the tremendous number of things they know that ain't so," has particular application to popular "information" on business and financial subjects today. Among these "ain't so's" of common belief might be mentioned:

The idea that the United States can maintain an isolated position in world affairs;

The notion that railroad capital is watered;

The theory that highly restricted immigration is of benefit to American labor;

The impression that the Federal Reserve Board was responsible for the reaction in commodity prices in 1920 and 1921;

The illusion that "Wall Street" creates money or credit conditions;

The obsession that the interest of any class or section can be permanently furthered at the expense of the general interest;

The recurring dream that fiat money can create wealth or produce prosperity;

The notion that easy credit can sustain sound business conditions against the operation of economic forces;

The belief that our legislative bodies can repeal or amend economic laws;

The Socialistic creed that government can perform economic service more efficiently and economically than private enterprise;

The delusion that capitalism is responsible for all economic and social ills.

These beliefs have been propagated by catch phrases, not by proof. Some of them serve narrow, selfish interests. Others give psychological discontent something to blame for troubles imaginary or rising from other causes. None of them helps the solution of public problems. Until their distorting influence is eradicated from public opinion, they will confuse the real issues and make for economic unsettlement.

What then should be our reaction as bankers, as the conservators of capital, toward these false notions of business and finance which threaten our national progress and prosperity. Should we not approach these problems in a constructive spirit, first defining our own principles and ideas and then undertaking intelligently to make them understood.

A BUSINESS MAN'S PLATFORM

AS a possibly natural and inevitable reaction from the unprecedented co-operation and co-ordination demanded by the war and of the subordination of all selfish interest for the achievement of victory, there has developed the world over a pronounced class consciousness and

By FRANCIS H. SISSON

activity. So today, we witness labor functioning through organized unions; we see the farmers organizing as a bloc, the shippers, manufacturers, and, in fact, practically every major element of our body politic each militant as a class. Each is seeking to protect and promote its class interest in some manner through some form of organization, political or economic in character, by propaganda, threat, or influence. The American people, in fact, suffer politically—and, indirectly as a consequence of that, socially and economically—from indifference by the great unorganized majority on the one hand, and, on

the other, from the selfishness of the organized and dominant minorities, who are always willing and eager to profit at the expense of the general public.

In view of this far-reaching and rapidly-growing movement, the thought quite naturally is suggested that the business men of the United States also consider their common interests—not, however, from wholly selfish motives, but from the broad viewpoint of the economic welfare of the country, and, directly or indirectly, of all classes. In serving that larger interest will the business men best serve their own selfish interest. And, perhaps, thus they may help to awake the other factions and classes of our people to a realization of the fundamental truth that unselfish service is the most profitable self-service. If, as some philosopher has stated, the ideal state is one of balanced selfishness, possibly we owe a duty to the situation to help maintain that balance and, through the practice of enlightened selfishness, endeavor to render a greater service.

We might, indeed, consider to advantage a platform of principles upon which the business men of America could take their stand and seek the suffrage of their electorate in the public interest.

THE MENACE OF AUTOCRACY

As the first plank in that platform, it might be stated that the basic principle which underlay our part in the world war was the destruction of autocracy, and that that principle carries with it a larger significance than the mere dethroning of kings and the removal of royal dynasties. It was a war to preserve democracy and against autocracy in all its phases and forms of expression in our civilization. We should no more endure autocracy in labor councils than in capitalistic circles; no more among farmers than among bankers, no more by the proletariat than by the privileged few.

THE LABOR PLANK

As a second plank in our platform, we might advocate just return, fair treatment and a proper voice in determining working and living conditions for labor. But we should also demand as much from labor and drive home to labor the fact that labor cannot expect these results unless it stimulates production and gives a fair day's work for a fair day's wage; that labor cannot prosper at the expense of the majority of our people; that it cannot prosper unless it really puts its shoulder to the wheel of industry and helps every other class to prosper; that labor will defeat its own purpose and bring hardship upon itself and all other classes if it permits the country to suffer from under production or un-economic production.

We may deny that "labor creates the world's wealth," and declare that the wealth of the world has always been created primarily by its



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FRANCIS H. SISSON, Vice-President of the Guaranty Trust Company, of New York, was a newspaper man before he became a banker, and in his writing and speaking on business and financial topics admirably combines the breadth of view of the editor with the natural conservatism of the student of finance

intelligence, that it is the brain of man, and not the brawn, that leads in production. We should deny any "inherent right to strike" on the part of labor concerned with the public service. We should maintain that the welfare of all the people is superior to any class, and decry labor's autocratic and ambitious political program seeking to destroy those who refuse to obey its dictates, and to elect its servants to office.

PROPER PROTECTION ABROAD FOR OUR DOLLARS

The business men's platform should advocate Government recognition of the fact that American dollars which seek employment and investment abroad should be accorded the protection of the American flag and the co-operation of the United States Government.

Our banks cannot afford the American people adequate foreign investment service unless they have the complete support and co-operation of our Government, and our investors in foreign securities have a right to demand the moral backing of our Government in protecting them. American lives and American property should be safe around the world. The American citizen should be able to stand as proudly as Paul of Tarsus before his persecutors, to whom he flung his defiant answer, "I am a Roman citizen," and to say with equal pride, in the assurance of its protective power, "I am an American citizen."

A policy of economic and financial imperialism on the part of the United States Government, of course, should not be tolerated, for such a policy would inevitably lead sooner or later to political imperialism, and that would be fatal not only to our Government, but also to the interests of our foreign investors. But the Government's moral support should be granted freely to our citizens legitimately engaged in developing the resources and industries of other countries by means of American capital and labor.

It is inconceivable that any thinking American should believe that the United States Government should withhold its moral influence in the interest of world peace and stable government anywhere in the world on the theory that we are not our brother's keeper. We entered the World War for the avowed purpose of making the world safe for democracy, but the world cannot be considered safe for democracy or business when anarchy or chaos prevails anywhere in the world. It should not be necessary for us ever to renew our military operations abroad, but our Government can and should enlist its moral and economic forces in the struggle for world-wide peace.

It is in this unselfish spirit, and not in behalf of "dollar diplomacy," that we should expect the United States Government to co-operate with and protect the interests of American foreign investors.

There are few better means for rendering economic assistance to mankind; for American capital invested abroad is performing the invaluable service of helping other peoples to help themselves—and that is as truly humanitarian work, in a broad, practical sense, as it is good business. It is even a patriotic duty, if we wish our flag respected in the commercial fields, as it was honored and victorious on the battlefields of Europe.

EUROPE MUST SHARE RESPONSIBILITY

IN facing the European situation, it should be made clear to Europe that America is glad and willing to lend a hand in helping Europe rehabilitate itself, but insist that the peoples of

THERE is an element of common sense as well as of humor in Josh Billings' statement that "the trouble with the American people is not so much their ignorance as the tremendous number of things they know that ain't so." The American people are often prone to make much ado about many things that ain't so.

With this as his text, Vice-President Francis H. Sisson of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York made a stunning talk to different organizations throughout the country. He just brought it down to brass tacks, eliminating all passion and prejudice, and even added that there is not much difference, after all, in the manners and methods of the times. Labor unions and bankers operate much on the same system, and the public has been between the lower and upper millstones. Now the public is awakening, and both capital and labor are beginning to understand that neutrality and emulsion will never be complete until the public are the first consideration. It is a hard thing to define this invisible something known as the public. In the last analysis, even if it has been made without consideration of you, the question may be closely associated with you.

Mr. Sisson was born in Galesburg, Illinois, and attended Knox College. He had wide experience in newspaper work. During the stressful days of railroad upheavals, it was Frank Sisson, the cool and level-headed man, who was relied upon. He has carried many a hard and dangerous trust. His personality itself suggests just plain commonsense and level-headiness, and he has done much to bring his institution in direct contact with the people of the country.

He is a member of various local clubs, including the Harvard, Metropolitan, City, Advertising, Press, Bankers, Lawyers, Beta Theta Pi, and many others.

In his editorial, advertising and banking experience, Mr. Sisson has written and spoken extensively on business and financial topics.

Europe bear their proper share of the burthen, and solve their political, financial, and economic problems in a courageous, satisfactory manner.

The peoples of Europe must face the facts and recognize that the reasons for their depreciated currencies are inflation, extravagance, unsound financial and political methods, failure to raise sufficient revenue by taxation to meet governmental expenditures, and adverse trade balances, as well as the reduced production and losses of war. They must appreciate the necessity for remedying these conditions if they would have us continue our financial assistance on an adequate basis. Europe, in fact, must share the responsibilities, as well as the advantages and fruits, of such aid.

CONSERVATION OF CREDIT

Our platform would lay stress upon the imperative need for the conservation of our credit resources and for the withholding of capital and credit from speculative, unnecessary ventures for the use of legitimate, essential business. It should advocate the strictest economy on the part of the Government and strict adherence to the budget system.

The supply of money and credit must be used wisely to create new wealth by promoting productivity; it cannot safely be dissipated, or even partly wasted, in speculative, unproductive, or economically unnecessary ventures. The business men of the country must bear that in mind in seeking credit, and they must henceforth expect the bankers of the country to apply that standard in granting credits. It will be emin-

ently to the ultimate gain of the business interests generally to co-operate fully with the bankers in maintaining that standard. But unless they do so, they must be prepared to face greater credit expansion, still higher prices, and, eventually, a crisis which may precipitate an unfortunate reaction, such as occurred in 1921.

This is not to imply that there is likely to be a serious business recession. There should be quite the contrary, if we wisely conduct our business affairs. But it is proper to emphasize the imperative need for the conservation of our credit resources, for the increased production of essentials, for economy, and for thrift. There is no need for legitimate, essential business to retrench. On the contrary, there is every reason why it should expand to the extent of meeting economic demands. But it cannot do this if unwise or unessential enterprises or activities are permitted to drain the reservoir of credit and capital, and a period of unwise expansion and inflation permitted to precipitate deflation and depression.

MUST LIGHTEN TAX BURDEN

In our proposed platform, the business men should strive to make Congress realize that the unjust and onerous taxation now imposed on business interests and capital must be lightened.

The entire elimination of a tax on income, is of course, not to be considered, as income taxes must be recognized to have become a permanent part of our Federal revenue system. Such taxes, however, must be kept within reasonable limits. Unquestionably, our present rates of tax are unduly oppressive to business, and, if the amount of revenue now estimated to be necessary to keep our Government functioning must be forthcoming, other methods of taxation should be adopted. To retain taxes so injurious to our economic welfare is absolutely unjustifiable, and immediate remedy should be afforded by Congress. Primarily, taxes should be based on consumption, not on production; on outgo, rather than income.

Announcement has been made of the so-called Progressives' tax program for the next session of Congress, which deserves the especial attention of business men, for it embodies many unsound theories. It proposes, among other things, an increased inheritance tax, the enactment of a gift tax, a retroactive tax in undistributed profits and an excess profits tax. It would also make tax records public.

The idea back of this is the socialistic theory that inheritances should not be permitted, that when a man dies his estate should go to the state. The gift tax is to penalize those who would set their money to work for the benefit of humanity, while the excess profits tax proved itself by actual experience to be a drag upon business, an encouragement of wasteful expenditure, and a device that defeated the very ends for which it was designed.

The whole program is an attack upon wealth. It is socialistic propaganda throughout, and the business men of this country should be on their guard and adopt whatever measures may be necessary to combat such radical doctrines.

DANGERS OF RADICALISM

WE see rising all over the world a tide of radicalism, which has affected every form of business opportunity and business service, and unless business men attempt to understand and interpret and guide that radical spirit into right channels, it will affect the fundamental values in which all deal.

Continued on page 130

A few pages of gossip about

Affairs and Folks

*Brief comment on current happenings, and news notes
about some people who are doing worth-while things*

EVER since the golden days of memory when Dallas Lore Sharp was still a barefoot New Jersey farmer boy he has been an ardent and consistent lover of Nature and the great outdoors.

Not, like most of us poor plodding mortals, a dumb and voiceless worshipper in the temples of the hills, but able so to make his quaint and beautiful thoughts articulate as to say for us the things we vaguely feel—but can't express.

And, more than that, because with the printed word he can reach an audience only limited by the number of readers of his books, he can so



DALLAS LORE SHARP, A.B., S.T.B., Litt.D., Professor of English at Boston University, minister, author, essayist, reviewer, lecturer, amateur farmer, a close and sympathetic observer of the wild life of the fields and woods and streams, and a nature writer of infinite charm

put his soul on paper as to make us see with his beauty-discerning eyes the glorious flaming tints of autumn foliage, the white and yellow spangled robes of green with which summer decks the fields, the virgin whiteness of the winter drifts, the blues and pinks and lavender and mauve that spring bestows upon a waking world; and hear with his attentive ear attuned to the myriad little voices of the woods and field and sky the brave shrill pipe of Hyla the tree frog, warning us of rain, the honk of the wild goose northward bound in spring, the brisk and cheerful whistle of the chickadee, the chipmunk's saucy chatter, the phoebe's call, the morning hymn of the soaring lark or the sad and mournful calling of the loon; and feel with him the raindrops and the wind and the bare brown hillsides underfoot.

With "The Hills of Hingham," "The Lay of the Land" and his other delightful books he

opens wide a gray and sagging gateway to a country lane that winds its shady quiet way with grass-grown ruts and mossy stones and trickle from a hillside spring away and away from the hurrying careless busy world in which we live, to a memory-peopled land where stands a farmhouse old and gray and hallowed with its tale of years, on whose worn doorstone we once were wont to sit when the evening shadows fell and dream of the wide mysterious world beyond the hills.

Himself, he lives on a Hingham hill and invites his soul. Not, it is true, a very imposing hill—merely, as he quaintly designates it, "a dimple in the plain"—but nevertheless a hill, and high enough for him to overlook a little world peopled with furred and feathered folk who largely live on the bounty of his farm—who are as much at home there as the cow.

To so combine a farm with a college as Professor Sharp combines his farming on Mullein Hill in Hingham with his lecturing in English at Boston University seems a most happy and enviable combination to those who listen to his lectures, and who read his books.

What time he is not lecturing to his classes he is hoeing beans or husking corn or planting onion seed and peas; what time he is not thus engaged, or writing essays, or on a lecture tour, or studying his bees—he is out in the woods and the fields with God.

And finds Him there—as well as

... tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Well might this home atop of Mullein Hill be called the "Interpreter's House," for that within it dwells one of Nature's own interpreters—and never better sermon did he preach in the days when he graced a pulpit than the sermons that he preaches in the pages of his books: sermons that draw us, like worshippers at a shrine, into the dim-lit quiet sanctuaries of Nature and show us how He moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform; how He teaches the furred and feathered dwellers of the woodland and the marsh to build their hidden dwellings and to find their food.

The very titles of his books intrigue our fancy and make us long to walk in the woodland ways with him in the dewy morn, or steal with quiet tread among the bordering shadows of the marsh when the moon floats high, or stand beneath the snow-encrusted pines to watch the Star on Christmas Eve. Wild Life Near Home, Watcher in the Woods, The Face of the Fields, Beyond the Pasture Bars, Where Rolls the Oregon—these but a few of them at random picked from a surprising list. Surprising that is, to realize that within a score of years or so their author has written as many books and learned essays for the leading magazines and reviews as most writers accomplish in a lifetime of writing; has established enviable renown in the educational world as a lecturer on English literature; has fed the pig and milked the cow and planted and hoed and harvested his farm on Mullein Hill, and raised up four sturdy boys—and found time in between to mingle freely with



AROUND THE CAMPFIRE in the Sequoia National Park. When the shades of darkness fall, some "old timer," wise in the lore and legends of the wilderness, will tell long tales that make the fiction writer feel like "thirty cents." The story hour about the campfire with the twinkling stars o'erhead and the darkness pressing close, remain a rare and precious memory of glorious days in God's great out-of-doors



CHARLES MARSHALL (at left), the American Tenor who has been the outstanding sensation of the Chicago Opera for the past three seasons, being interviewed by Clay Smith (at right), himself a noted musician and composer. The great advance in appreciation of American artists and composers within a few years is most marked and encouraging

his human neighbors and take a friendly and constructive interest in their affairs, as he does in the affairs of Little Bob of the Stone Pile, and Hyla of the woodland and the pair of phœbes who built their nest (with his assistance) under his pigpen's roof and raised their little fledgling brood while he looked on—and the white-footed mouse who dwelt one winter in his cellar in the midst of plenty, but whose hoarding instinct inherited from uncounted generations of mouse ancestors impelled it to spend laborious nights of patient toil the whole winter long in taking from the inexhaustible store at hand the tiny loads of food that it could carry away to hide in nooks and crannies against a time of need.

A reader of *Harper's Magazine*, in a recent letter to its editor, thus sums up most ably the essentials of Dallas Lore Sharp's peculiar and individual charm of expression: "He is a poet, an artist, a thinker, and altogether delightful writer."



American Music Steadily Forging to the Front in the Favor of American Audiences

THERE is no question but what Deems Taylor, music critic of the *New York World*, was right when he commented on the fact that the musical public accepts as good music such tunes as "Donna e Mobile," because it is sung by tenors at the Metropolitan Opera House, while such music as the "Finale" to the first act of Victor Herbert's "Mademoiselle Modiste" is classed as popular music because Herbert has been chiefly known as the composer of light operas. He could have gone further and said that the public also considers everything sung in a foreign tongue (even though no word of it is understood) to be of highest rank. This is instinctive with us Americans, and perhaps it will take a generation to overcome this snobbishness.

Certainly it is joyful news when we hear of an American artist scoring a triumph and landing at the top, especially when one knows the innumerable and almost insurmountable handicaps that he must have overcome. It increases our gratification when the artist happens to be a real he-man, with a likable personality, as is the case with Charles Marshall, the outstanding sensation of the Chicago Opera of the past three seasons.

Marshall, like many others, knew he could deliver, but he was many years in getting an opportunity to prove it. But when the opportunity finally came he certainly did prove it with a capital P. He awoke the next morning to find himself famous, with the music-loving public figuratively eating out of his hand. "For that matter," said Marshall, "I could not sing one bit better than I could the day before or for the past several years."

Marshall is just a great, big, good-natured boy with a heart full of song. He weighs around two hundred and forty pounds and has a powerful physique, which gives him a wonderful foundation for his phenomenal vocal power and breath control, as well as especially fitting him for some of the robust characters which he so loves to portray. Born away up in the Maine woods, of good old Scotch-English stock, he began at a very early age to lay his foundation for a musical career, and at the age of nine he was singing in a Boys' Choir with visions of an operatic career. Thus, early in life he hitched his wagon to a star, and now he has driven right up and parked on it.

To Mr. Hanscome, of Auburn, Me., Mr. Marshall gives the credit for his early foundation work. He also studied with William Whitney of Boston, while his European work has been under Vannuccini and Lombardi.

Mr. Marshall's favorite operas are "Otello," "La Juive," and "Samson," because these give him the best opportunities for his acting. He enjoys character studies tremendously, and believes his work in this line fully equal to his singing. "How many operas do you know?" I asked him. "I know over a hundred and have sung over fifty," was his reply. His present contract calls for his appearance in ten different operas next season.

When I asked for his opinion of opera in English he said: "I thoroughly believe in opera in English and never miss an opportunity to fight for it; but I believe in opera in English and *not* translations. I believe in using American-made operas. Why shouldn't we? There are hundreds of good ones written and ready to be given a showing. Is there any reason on earth why we should not have American opera? I have never heard of it." To this I heartily agreed.

I then asked him just what percentage of his concert program was made up of songs in English.

"Ninety per cent," he snapped back at me, "yes, sir, every bit of ninety per cent. Oh, yes, in my younger days, when I was comparatively unknown, I did use a great many more songs in foreign languages. Perhaps this percentage was almost reversed then. I simply thought I had to or the audiences would not take me seriously; but the more I progressed, the more English songs I added to my repertoire; and I am always looking for new material of the better kind for my concert programs. American singers should sing American songs, not for patriotic reasons, but because they are just as good musically and artistically, and naturally English-speaking audiences should prefer to hear them."

"Before we bow off, Mr. Marshall, give me your idea of music as a career. If you were back in Maine at the age of nine would you start today and make the same sacrifices and go through the same old grind?" I asked. "Yes, sir," he replied, "if I didn't believe a musical career in America looks brighter now than ever before, I should not have my only daughter studying as she is now for that very thing. And let me remind you that the 'old man' has not 'let up' on the work proposition. You wouldn't think so if you followed me through my six hours daily routine of practice. I practice six or seven hours every day, and believe me, Mr. Smith, I always find that there is something new to learn. But I love it. It is bread and meat to me," he exclaimed laughingly.

—CLAY SMITH.



The Governor of Maine Pays Tribute to the Memory of a Loyal Friend

PEOPLE who love dogs—and who does not?—will have a fellow-feeling with Governor Baxter of Maine, whose action in having the flag on the State House placed at half mast when his Irish setter, "Garry" died, was criticised in some quarters as "over-sentimentalism."

This, it appears to us, is not the proper term to apply to Governor Baxter's love for his four-footed friends and companions, and his recognition and appreciation of their loyalty and love



CLIMBING MOUNT LYELL in the Yosemite Valley. It seems a strange anomaly to associate eternal snow and ice with California, but the ice packs of prehistoric glaciers cling still to the high Sierras and the everlasting snows filling the great hollows between their towering peaks form vast fields of glittering white



HON. PERCIVAL P. BAXTER, Governor of Maine, and "Garry," the devoted Irish setter who was his constant and loving companion for nine years. When "Garry" died the Governor caused the flag upon the State House to be placed at half mast in tribute to his memory

for their human over-lord. Few men have had longer and closer association with "man's noblest friend" than he—and few have shown a finer appreciation of their nobility.

The story of Governor Baxter's Irish setters and his own life story are inseparably connected. For thirty-seven years they have been his constant companions, ever since, when he was but nine years old, he became the proud and happy owner of a ten-weeks'-old pup of the Elcho strain—whose children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren, descending in an unbroken line to "Garry," whose recent death he mourns—have gone out into the great wide world to bring joy and gladness into the hearts of hundreds of boys and girls—to teach them by example the priceless virtues of loyalty and obedience, of faith and trust and unreckoning unselfishness, of consummate fearlessness and constancy, and to endow them with an unselfish love beside which in all the years of their lives they will experience none other to compare.

For thirty-seven years, therefore, he has been the guide and mentor, the adored master, the understanding friend of a succession of new arrivals of that wonderful breed of dogs endowed with all the higher human attributes save that of speech—which they do not need in order to express their love and trust of those to whom they give the glorious gift of their devotion.

His dog, "Deke" went to Bowdoin College with his master, and set a good example to the other students by the regularity of his attendance in the class rooms, and at the lectures, where he sat beside the future governor upon the benches. Often he would bound into chapel during services, rush up on to the platform, speak to the president or the professor who was presiding, and then lie down beside the pulpit. One Sunday afternoon he brought a large bone to the chapel

and laid it down carefully at the president's feet without interrupting the opening prayer. That the professors and the college authorities made no objection to "Deke's" presence shows that under a sometimes stern exterior they hid a kindly and an understanding heart. For all of them had once been boys—and most of them had loved a dog.

"Garry," who passed to the reward for an upright and blameless life on June 1, 1923, and for whom his master caused the flag upon the State House to be placed at half mast, had been the Governor's constant companion in the Governor's House and in his office at the state capitol, traveling back and forth with him between Portland and Augusta by train and automobile, visibly impressed with the dignity of his position as the trusted friend of the chief executive of the state, and understanding the duties of the Governor's office perhaps as well as do some of those human critics of the Governor's tribute of respect to the memory of a four-footed friend who for nine years had given him unswerving devotion.

On his island where Governor Baxter's summer home is located, he has a little cemetery for his setter friends. A large boulder bears a copperplate with the inscription:

TO MY IRISH SETTERS
LIFE-LONG FRIENDS AND COMPANIONS
AFFECTIONATE, FAITHFUL AND LOYAL
PERCIVAL P. BAXTER
GOVERNOR OF MAINE

followed by the names and dates of the births and deaths of all his dogs. A stone wall encloses a small tract of land with the boulder in the center and with trees encircling it. This man who is not too great to value the love and devotion of a dog—who is great enough to give public expression to his appreciation of the fact that his life has been fuller, happier and more useful because he has owned and lived with his dogs—believes that the friends of his childhood and of his mature life are entitled to a quiet resting place, and provision has been made that they never shall be disturbed.



America Feels a Friendly Interest in New Honors Conferred on British Peer

THE achievements of Viscount Leverhulme of England do not stop with the home ideals created at Port Sunlight, or in industrial triumphs. His ideals radiate far over the world, following in the wake of commercial relations.

When he was honored with the Viscountcy, recently conferred upon him by King George, an address of congratulation was presented to him by leading public men of Isle Lewis and Harris. It was inscribed on vellum and beautifully illuminated, fastened with a bow of Mackenzie tartan ribbon and enclosed in a handsome morocco leather case. Into a very artistic scheme of border decoration was worked at the top the Stornoway coat-of-arms with the motto: "God's Providence is our Inheritance." At the bottom was a fine view of Stornoway, showing the castle, part of the town, and the inner harbor at high tide. Inset on this was a view of Leverburgh, South Harris.

On this visit to the Island of Lewis, Viscount Leverhulme found a hearty response from the

people of Stornoway and a cordial appreciation from the various officials. An earnest prayer and hope was expressed that Viscount Leverhulme would be spared in strength and health to carry to fruition his beneficent plans for Lewis and Harris, in which would be set up an enduring monument to the memory of one who loved his fellow-man. Viscount Leverhulme's response had the same irrepressible fund of humor which has always delighted all the people with whom he has come in contact, directly or indirectly.

He had often wondered why the Gaelic Society of Inverness should be what the Americans call "a butter-in"; for they have been, until a friend sent him a copy of the *Inverness Citizen*, where he found the previous record.

"Some of the gentlemen who assumed the title 'Lord of the Isles,'" said Viscount Leverhulme, "do not seem to have been a very attractive lot, and I quite understand that Inverness will have no more of them. On one occasion a Lord of the Isles burnt Inverness to the ground, and on another occasion one of them seized the Castle of Inverness and levied toll on the inhabitants. Why?"

With one of his own radiant smiles, he assured the people of Inverness he had no intention of burning the city to the ground, or of seizing the



Photo from Wide World Photos

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, the second richest man in the world, recently celebrated his 84th birthday, and aside from saying that he "never felt better," and that the score of photographers who "shot" him on his way to the Pocantico Union Church were "lovely fellows," refused to say anything for publication. As usual, he invited the camera operators to attend church. Their reward for this was five minutes of various poses by the retired magnate. The youngsters who gathered to congratulate him each received a shining nickel for their thoughtfulness.



E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS has, starting only with an Idea and a printing plant which he bought on credit, built up within a very few years the greatest book publishing business in the world. He has brought the best literature of the ages into hundreds of thousands of homes, and expects to sell during 1923 upwards of sixty million books

castle, or levying toll on the inhabitants, but that he had come to play his part as a citizen of the Isles. The response stands out as a model expression of the constructive genius of Lord Leverhulme as recognized the world over.

A plan was produced for a Town Hall, and Viscount Leverhulme also proposed an Art Gallery and a Public Park. It was altogether a happy scene envisioning a new future. The tribute paid to the sturdy folk of the Western Isles was feelingly expressed, for Lord Leverhulme's life has been one of sympathetic achievement.

All the high honors he has received, not only in his own land, but the world over, are well deserved. He has felt that the highest privilege was to radiate sunlight and happiness wherever his lot might fall. With all the distinctions and titles bestowed upon him, he still remains the same wholesome, straight-thinking, common-sense individual who began his life in Bolton, Lancashire, with the purpose of doing things in a practical way, with a mind that grasped the real essentials of life. His uncanny accuracy and grasp of figures and calculations has never lost him that kindliness which has characterized his career.

His life and work will ever remain an inspiration to the struggling lads of the future. The same problems were presented to him as to the youth of today. Are there any more opportunities? Opportunities he made because of an enterprising faith and belief in the co-operation of his fellow-men.

Graciously he received the honors that were

justly conferred upon him. They began in England, when Henry the Sixth recognized a nobleman for noble worth. The title ranks above that of a baron. Viscount Leverhulme's life and activities have reflected a nobility of character and achievement that even American people, unacquainted with British peerage far overseas and in foreign lands, where rank and title are unknown, can fully understand and appreciate as worthily bestowed.



What Was It that Emerson Said About the Man Who Made Good Mousetraps?

OUT in Girard, Kansas, the little town that was known to fame a few years ago as the home of *The Appeal to Reason*—that most vehement of weekly newspapers—a unique publishing venture has attained success of an unusual sort.

"Unusual," indeed, is the word that best describes each phase of E. Haldeman-Julius' romantic adventure in the realm of book publishing—for somewhere along his primrose path he has upset most of the time-honored traditions that have grown up around the business of making books.

Only a man without previous experience in the publishing business would have dreamed of doing what Haldeman-Julius has done. Only a man whose vision leaped ahead of the plodders in the rut of the commonplace would have had his faith in the inherent desire of the mass of "common people" to acquire acquaintance with the "higher culture"—a faith that led him to risk much—and to gain much.

Haldeman-Julius was a newspaper man, without business experience, but with an Idea. Briefly, his idea was that the love of literature—real literature—is not confined to that fortunate minority of human beings who can afford to buy the classics in standard bindings, at the standard prices.

He believed that thousands of people would be glad to buy—and read—the works of the world's great authors, if the price was put within their reach, who were deprived of this stimulus to culture by reason of their excessive cost.

So, when the heirs of the publisher of *The Appeal to Reason* offered to sell him the paper and the printing plant, and take his notes in payment, he saw at hand a means with which to materialize his vision. From being a member of its editorial staff he became the owner of *The Appeal*, and set about to convert this firebrand of demagogic into a non-political literary journal under the title of *The Haldeman-Julius Weekly*.

As the first step toward realizing his dream of bringing the world's best literature to the masses, rather than the classes, he printed "The Rubaiyat" and "The Ballad of Reading Goal," bound them in paper covers, and through the medium of his weekly paper announced their publication at the modest price of twenty-five cents per copy.

The correctness of his theory was soon proved by the number of orders that he received for these two books. Next he prepared a list of titles of fifty well-known classics, printed the books and placed an advertisement in the Sunday edition of a mid-western journal.

He did not have to wait long for results. Within the week following the appearance of his one lone advertisement, the flood of orders that poured in swept this novel publishing venture to sure success. Within a year he had a hundred titles upon his list of paper-bound classics; he had installed new presses for printing the books and

special machines for folding and binding them—and out of the profits of the business he had taken up his notes.

Now he has three hundred titles upon his list, and in February of this year he sold six million books. They are printed on cheap paper, bound in pale blue cardboard covers—and they sell for five cents a copy. This price has been made possible by quantity production on automatic machines of intricate and ingenious design, and immense sales volume secured by highly original and nation-wide advertising.

To make a lot of money by publishing these books is not Haldeman-Julius' impelling motive, so much as the desire to stimulate and satisfy a taste for the best literature in the minds of the greatest possible number of readers. That such a taste exists among the mass of people is proved by the fact that his best selling titles are those fine gems of the writer's art that the cultured minds of the world have chosen as the masterpieces of literature. And, as might not be imagined, fiction does not hold the lead. History comes first, then fiction, science, philosophy, religion, poetry, travel, essays, economics, and the drama—in the order named. Curiously enough, his best seller is Plato's account of the trial and death of Socrates.

During 1923, Haldeman-Julius expects to sell upwards of sixty millions of these books—and, while making a modest profit for himself, to increase the aggregate of culture by a very material degree. To many of us urban dwellers, surrounded by the wonderful educational advantages of the age—by libraries, by colleges, by schools—it might at first glance seem an easy matter for any inquiring mind to obtain the equivalent of the aids to culture that Haldeman-Julius offers to sell by mail at a nickel each.

But not all of us, by any means, live in the shadow of a public library—and not all of us have the opportunity to purchase books, even if we have the means. For instance, there is but one bookstore in all Arkansas—yet more than six thousand people in that state bought books from Haldeman-Julius by mail last year.



"WOOF! WOOF!" (meaning, in ursine language, "Have you got any candy?") Bear cubs in the Yosemite National Park giving "the once over" to visitors to their primeval domain. The wild animals in the Park, being undisturbed by hunters, have lost their instinctive fear of man

George Does It

This is frankly a "love story." So if you are not interested in this most primitive of human emotions, you will not want to read it—but if you are a normal human being of either sex or any age you will enjoy this amusing tale

THE Honorable Janet Lansing toyed absently with the silken ears of the Airedale pup that sprawled on the garden bench beside her with his homely head lying in her lap and his soulful brown eyes gazing up into her face with all the mute pathos of canine adoration.

Miss Lansing was used to adoration—not always mute—and glances from soulful eyes, though as a rule her adorers did not lay their heads in her lap while she toyed absently with their ears, silken or otherwise.

More often the adoring ones were quite busily engaged in trotting back to the house to fetch the sweater she had forgotten, or the box of chocolates, or to bring her an ice, or staggering under a load of canoe cushions, paddles, magazines and sunshade. Decidedly not a restful occupation, like sprawling on a garden bench beside the object of one's adoration with one's head in her lap while one's ears were being absently toyed with. More, indeed, like "being led a merry dance," in the cryptic words of a feminine and aggrieved contemporary.

That Miss Lansing's adorers were plural rather than singular did not apparently lighten their individual burdens. She could always find cushions and paddles and magazines and sunshades enough to go round. Indeed her progress reminded one hard-bitten and cynical sportsman of "a safari bound for the jungle."

She was a perfect blonde—this leader of caravans—with a complexion that the beholder was invariably startled to discover on close inspection was the gift of Nature—and not the work of Art that it appeared at a little distance. That she consumed Dill pickles and chocolates with indiscrimination and abandon seemed not at all to affect its glowing tints. Her hair attained that precise shade of well-pulled molasses taffy so despaired of by blondes whose hirsute adornment is classed as "tow-headed" and her eyes—blue, of course—were limpid as the pools of mountain streams. To meet their glance was an uncanny experience. "It's contrary to Nature," complained one serious-minded debutante, "for any daughter of Eve to be as innocent as Janet looks. It's—it's unmoral, in a way—if you know what I mean."

* * *

BARTONVILLE, the sophisticated village among the Berkshires which the Honorable Miss Lansing honored with her presence for the summer as the guest of its leading social arbiter, was set like a diamond amid the hills. From October to May it presented the outward semblance of any well-behaved and stodgy country neighborhood, with honorable traditions running back to Revolutionary days. From June to September it was the summer dwelling place of Society—capitalized. The "millionaire's special," locally so named, brought up from New York every Saturday and dumped at the picturesque, chalet-like station of Bartonville a

By MAITLAND LEROY OSBORNE

group of keen-eyed, hard-mouthed business men whose combined wealth would have made a startling financial computation.

At train time, sleek, low-purring, wire-wheeled cars slid noiselessly up the winding, gravelled drives that circled the station—neatly uniformed chauffeurs sprang out and opened tonneau doors. Prismatically gowned women smiled well-bred welcoming smiles—exuberant children shouted rapturous greetings. The low-purring cars absorbed the group descended from the train, ere it disappeared in the distance, and one by one slid away along the drives, to be swallowed up in the shrubbery. Then quiet solitude reigned at the tiny station till Monday morning, when the film reversed and sent the plutocratic week-end dwellers back to the busy marts of trade. Through the week the young men and maidens pursued Pleasure after the age-old habit of unthinking youth. They danced of evenings to the music of orchestras hidden among palms, they perspired upon tennis courts, and strolled upon the golf links, they paddled lazily in canoes along the wooded shores of a quite improbably beautiful lake, they dashed over the landscape in long red or gray or lemon-yellow runabouts, fracturing all local speed limits with gay abandon—they lived and loved and played and fought—they quarrelled and made up, and quarrelled again for the sheer joy of reconciliation, and generally comported themselves as the favored butterflies—both male and female—of the best Society is wont to do in the summer playtime months, while Pater toiled in the hot city o' days and sat in roof gardens o' nights under the stars, drinking cool drinks out of tall and slender glasses.

Into this frivolous group the Honorable Miss Lansing fitted as fits the cut diamond in its setting. No frocks more gossamer than hers—no smile more alluring, no aptitude for tennis and golf and dancing and canoeing and motoring more apparent. No love for masculine adoration more avid than hers—and with it all no more universally liked young female of the species inhabited this play-world among the hills. Perhaps the catholicity of her tastes—the prodigality of her favors, had to do with this. If a half dozen sighing swains attended at all times in her train, it was obvious that none of them could find opportunity for serious love-making—wherefore in the eyes and understanding of the feminine contingent she was labelled "safe," and came to be accepted as a running mate rather than as a rival. Suspicion centers on the lone wolf. She ran with the pack—even led it in a way.

Then, too, the less aggressive of her cavaliers who dropped away or were elbowed aside were so admirably well broken and bridle wise that the less attractive girls eagerly snapped them up as their special attendants. It came to be

the recognized thing that a new man should be tactfully left for the Honorable Miss Lansing's preliminary training in the ways of love. Her method proved always an illuminative experience to the trained and chastened candidate to her court.

There were wealthy girls and pretty ones in Bartonville, athletic ones and soulful ones, demure misses with shyly downcast eyes, radiant creatures with contagious smiles, chummy girls who were short on pulchritude but long on personality—and swarms of the common or garden variety of girls, all playing the immemorial game. But mostly they played with the apparent single-minded purpose of winning a prize. To the eyes of the beholder the Honorable Miss Lansing played for the pure joy of the game. Whereby she acquired great honor, and several quite unselfish friendships.

* * *

AMONG the rest, George Williams dangled on Miss Janet's string, absorbed perhaps a sixteenth of her time, a moiety of her attention, a pleasing share of her mild regard. One becomes attached in time to the faithful watch dog whose only and unselfish thought is to guard one's footsteps—content with an occasional pat upon the head, an occasional kind word. Unobtrusive adoration is distinctly pleasing to us all. George unobtrusively adored the fair Miss Janet. Possessing the customary allotment of features, not unpleasingly arranged, he was restful to look upon—and having played right guard in his college days, he was satisfactorily big and reposeful in action. His duties as Secretary of the Bartonville Paper Company were not so onerous or confining as to prevent his playing in the customary play-time hours, and his inherited income from his father, the Senator, was sufficiently large in addition to his salary to enable him to indulge his extremely moderate desires for luxury.

As the summer waned, George's constancy began to be remarked upon. Other men had fallen under the spell of Miss Janet's pellucid orbs, had carried her canoe cushions, her magazines and her sunshade, had danced and golfed and played tennis with her, had basked in the sunshine of her smiles, had strolled with her in the witching moonlight, had run the sentimental gamut of emotion, from first acquaintanceship to final friendship, and had dropped regretfully but definitely out of the running, only to be snapped up by some patiently waiting female of the social pack.

But, as Myrtle Vantine somewhat cynically observed at the end of August, "Men may come and men may go—but George goes on forever." Nevertheless the star he grasped at seemed to twinkle at as unattainable a distance despite his patience. His assiduous attentions for almost an entire summer had resulted, figuratively speaking, merely in his being advanced in the Honorable Miss Lansing's service from the unimportant position of water boy to the less

unimportant one of gun-bearer. He was still merely a member of the safari.

When George's romance had arrived at the stage where he began to lose his very healthy appetite and to spend a major part of every night smoking a pipe on the front porch of the family mansion instead of in his bed, his sister Agatha felt impelled to interfere.

* * *

AGATHA kept house for him. She was five years older than George, actually—and twenty-five years older, comparatively. She looked on George as being a mere youth, still in the formative period of life and requiring careful watching. Agatha was a typical New England spinster, and ran true to form. The fact that never in all her life had she ever had even the mildest "affair" qualified her to give expert advice in all affairs of the heart. She was acknowledged to be the greatest matchmaker in Bartonville. As Myrtle Vantine said, "Agatha has certainly got a lot to answer for."

Agatha had solicitously watched George through his first few desultory love attacks, and unerringly diagnosed the present as his "grand affair." She recognized as her high duty George's happiness, and resolved to accomplish it. Wherefore she brought her knitting to the front porch on the occasion of his next solitary vigil with the moon and his pipe, and began her campaign with a spirited account of the garden party she had attended the day before. By devious ways she approached the subject of the Honorable Miss Lansing.

"I really don't see what all the men find in that little pink-and-white snippet to admire so much," she stated. "There were half a dozen of them hanging around her the whole afternoon, falling over each other to wait on her, moving her chair into the shade and putting cushions behind her head and bringing her ice cream and cake and lemonade. You'd have thought she was a helpless invalid."

George removed his pipe, gazed meditatively at it and ventured: "Well, she's—er—pretty, isn't she?"

Agatha sniffed. "Beauty's only skin deep," she announced oracularly.

"She has a wonderful disposition." His divinity was being traduced, and he was going to defend her—with his life if necessary.

"Disposition isn't everything," said Agatha. "Besides, I don't see how any girl with such a wonderful disposition can allow half a dozen men to be in love with her at the same time."

"Perhaps she can't help it—any more than they can," he suggested mildly.

Agatha sniffed again and counted the stitches on her needles. "What I can't understand is," she mused, "what's the reason they all drift away from her after a few weeks. What in time does the girl want, anyway? If it's money, or social position, or good looks, or ancestors—goodness knows she's had her chances to take her pick of anything most girls want in the last three months. Does she want the moon, or what?"

George removed his pipe from his mouth again, gazed at it reflectively, replaced it, crossed his legs, uncrossed them, stood up, walked a few steps and returned to his chair and seated himself again, giving a most realistic representation of a badly worried man. Would Agatha understand, he wondered, if he told her. At any rate, he decided, it might be a relief to unburden his mind. He removed his pipe from his mouth again and silently invoked its inspiration.

"Well," he said, "it's like this. Miss Lansing is—romantic. She has a certain ideal which she

has dreamed about since she was a little girl. She comes from ancient Norman stock. Her family traces its descent in an unbroken line from the time of the Crusades. Her ancestral home is a landmark in English history. The estate is entailed, of course, and her family has no income except a depleted rent roll—but they are rich in traditions and pride of ancestry. Her home is a museum of ancient armor and old weapons and faded portraits of brave knights and fair ladies. The picture gallery is one of the most famous in England. One great painting is of Bohemond, lord of Antioch, who led a great host at the siege of Jerusalem. It's a picture, as she describes it, of a big, handsome, stern-faced knight in armor, mounted on a prancing charger. It's a very old painting, half life size, cracked and faded, but the face is still fresh and glowing, and the eyes follow you about the room. It must be uncanny. Well—it seems that when she was a tiny child she used to steal into the picture gallery and gaze at that picture by the hour, and as she grew up the memory of it was always with her. The man she will marry must be like that—big and brave and stern."

Agatha sniffed. "She ought to marry a prize-fighter," she remarked, retrieving her ball of yarn.

"But he must also be a gentleman," said George softly—"a true knight, *sans* fear and *sans* reproach."

"Lord knows you're big enough," reflected Agatha aloud. George flushed.

"So that's what it is," mused Agatha. "Whenever a new man begins to get personal, little Miss Snippet looks at him with those absurd blue eyes of hers and tells him her little story about the portrait of Bohemond and her ancestral castle in a hushed voice, and he fades away."

George nodded. "Something like that," he admitted.

"Well, I don't blame him for fading away, after that," said Agatha—and, after a pregnant pause, "but if I was a man, and some little pink and white miss that I was in love with sprung that story on me, I'd try some rough stuff on her myself. I'd be romantic, too, and woo her with a club, same as that fellow Bohemond probably would have done."

George sighed. It was as he feared. Agatha did not understand.

"I think I'll look at the paper," he said presently, and rose.

"Good night, then," said Agatha, and as he passed inside the door, "I'd strongly recommend the rough stuff."

"Good night," he answered gloomily.

Agatha sniffed again and rolled up her knitting. "Poor boy," she murmured softly.

* * *

IN the seclusion of his den, George apathetically began a perusal of the evening paper. "Bohemond gets the nomination," he read, and threw the paper down with disgust. "I'm getting that fellow Bohemond on the brain," he thought. Again he picked up the sheet and turned it idly. A headline caught his wandering eye. "Bold Motor Hold Up," he read. "Two desperate highwaymen in high-powered cars hold up motorist on mountain road and rob him in broad daylight." A full description of the highwaymen and of their car followed. George read idly, half attentive to the printed words. At the back of his brain an idea was knocking insistently for admittance. "Mr. Bohemond reports that the younger highwayman looked like a ——."

"Damn," said George. Of course it wasn't Bohemond who was robbed, it was—he looked again—Simpkins. He smiled tolerantly. He

knew Simpkins—slightly, that is—and it could hardly be expected that a man with his physical equipment would put up a battle against highwaymen. If it *had* been Bohemond now, he'd have shown 'em. He wouldn't have submitted tamely to being robbed on the open highway—Bohemond wouldn't have. He'd have stepped out of his car majestically, calmly rolled and lit a cigarette with fingers as steady as—well, as steady as iron bars, and then he would have efficiently and methodically proceeded to knock the daylights out of one of the highwaymen, while the other, terror-stricken at his prowess, leaped into their car and escaped. To be historically accurate, Bohemond probably wouldn't have rolled a cigarette. Most likely they didn't smoke cigarettes in his day. But it would be a telling piece of stage business, just the same. If he was going to be held up—if he—that is—

The idea that had been knocking at the back of George's brain, walked in and announced itself. The paper dropped from his outstretched hand and he gazed with rapt glance upon an open road that wound precariously down a mountain side. He saw a lemon-yellow runabout with wire wheels toiling sturdily up the steep grades. Above it, concealed beyond a bend in the road, lurked a big, powerful black racing car, planted crosswise of the way. Two grim-visaged figures lurked close by, revolvers clutched in hand and gaze fixed upon the bend around which the lemon-yellow runabout was soon to come. The runabout drew nearer, it passed the bend—the lurking figures dashed toward it. The driver in one lightning glance envisioned the heavy car standing crosswise of the road, the sheer drop for a thousand feet down the mountain side if he turned out—the advancing figures of the highwaymen. The driver of the lemon-yellow runabout smiled grimly and set his brakes. The car stopped. The driver, with a reassuring word to the young lady by his side, stepped calmly from the car. His hand sought the pocket of his coat and withdrew with "the makin's." Slowly he rolled and lit a cigarette. His stern gaze encountered the glare of the highwaymen. "What's on your mind?" he queried crisply.

"Hand over your money," one bandit growled menacingly.

"I'll hand over this—" the driver of the lemon-yellow runabout answered, delivering a lightning-like left hook to the fellow's chin, which sent him crashing senseless to the roadway a dozen feet away. With a simultaneous motion of his right hand he drew an automatic pistol from his hip pocket and fired point blank at the other robber.

There was a look of almost holy exaltation on George's face. "Bohemond, old scout," he whispered, "if we pull it off, I'll burn a candle for you every Christmas eve."

* * *

THE office building of the Premier Moving Picture Company of New England is located in a pine grove a half mile beyond the confines of the village of Bartonville, on the Compton road. A little to the left as you enter the main gateway to the grounds stands the laboratory, a mysterious and fascinating place. High on the hill above is the camera building, a glass-enclosed structure free from shadow, save from the floating clouds. It overlooks a lake, and stretching away on either hand lie a thousand acres of almost primeval wooded hills and valleys.

It is a romantic spot, but George was not considering the romantic possibilities of the location as his lemon-yellow roadster slid noiselessly through the gateway and along the drive—it was business that was on his mind. A pleasant-faced,

alert old-young man rose to greet him when he entered the door marked "Manager."

"I've a business proposition to make to you," said George, handing the Manager his card.

The latter smiled. "Be seated, please," he said, drawing up a chair beside his desk.

"It's like this," explained George, "I've got an idea for a moving picture story. I want to enact one part myself, and I want to own the film. If you will stage the thing, I'll pay any reasonable amount for the exclusive ownership of the film."

"Let's hear the story," suggested the manager.

George's gaze strayed to the road upon the mountain side. He felt the charm of the companion of his ride, he saw the lowering looks of the bandits lurking by their car, he lived the scene as he saw it enacted before his eyes, and he told the story tersely, in crisp sentences.

The manager of the Premier Moving Picture Company drew a long breath when he had ended. "It's a corking story," he conceded. "You're wasting your talents making paper. You ought to be writing scenarios. I'd like to have a release on that film—it would go big."

"No," said George modestly. "It's just a little idea of my own. I thought I'd like to take a part in a moving picture story. You know everybody has longing to play the hero once."

"I understand," said the manager. "Now, about the details."

An hour later George rose to leave.

"At four o'clock tomorrow afternoon, then," said the manager. "The light should be good, then. And be sure you pick the little black-haired fellow—and put plenty of steam into your punch. It'll show up great on the film, and he won't mind being put to sleep. He's an ex-light weight pug and we pay him to stand for that sort of stuff."

"Right," said George, "and the camera will be out of sight? I believe it'll be more realistic if the young lady don't know that it's a—er—a fake until it's all over."

"Don't you worry," reassured the manager. "She'll think it's the real thing—till she sees it on the reel. Too bad we can't have a rehearsal, but I have no doubt it'll go off all right the first time."

"Yes," answered George. "I want the action to be spontaneous. Good day."

"Good day," said the manager, bowing him out.

* * *

WE now return to the beginning of our story, after a rambling interlude, and discover the Honorable Janet Lansing toying absently with the silken ears of the Airedale pup sprawled on the garden bench beside her, with his homely head in her lap and his soulful eyes gazing up into her face with canine adoration. It was the afternoon following George's visit to the moving picture studio, and she was waiting for him to appear. She was thinking how like George's usual regard of her was the gaze of the Airedale pup, when his lemon-yellow runabout glided smoothly under the *porte cochere*.

The Honorable Miss Lansing, bewitchingly if simply arrayed, bestowed a parting caress upon the pup and crossed the lawn to greet him. George, looking unwontedly stern, solicitously assisted her to the low seat, "as though she was a basket of eggs and he was afraid she'd break," commented the nurse girl watching from a little distance. "My—mustn't it be lovely to be loved like that," she sighed.

"You look different, somehow, today," said the Honorable Miss Lansing after a somewhat trying silence, as the lemon-yellow car glided along the shady road.

"I feel different somehow," truthfully answered George, who was trying earnestly to put himself *en rapport* with the spirit of the long departed Bohemond.

"You look so stern—so masterful," she murmured softly, "you almost frighten me."

"Yes," answered George absently. "Do you see that road?" pointing to a narrow white ribbon winding up the mountain side. "We're going up there—way up to where we can look for forty miles down the valley. It's said to be one of the most beautiful views in New England. I'm glad the air is clear today." They were already at the foot of the first grade, and as the car began to climb, silence fell upon them. George's full attention was needed for the driving, and the Honorable Miss Lansing soon was absorbed in contemplation of the view that unfolded before her as the road, winding and turning upon itself, climbed steadily upward.

"It's beautiful, wonderful," she murmured.

* * *

PERHAPS two-thirds of the ascent had been accomplished when on rounding one of the numberless curves, they came in sight of a big black racing car drawn up across the road, and two skulking figures lurking menacingly in its shadow. George's lips shut in a stern, straight line, unyielding, unwavering as a crack in an oak plank. His jaw shot forward prognathously.

"Damn!" he half whispered as he slipped his clutch, shifted to neutral and yanked viciously at the emergency brake. The car, which had been climbing steadily but slowly, was stopped on a brief level.

The Honorable Miss Lansing, white faced and trembling, clutched at his arm. "Wh—wh—what's the matter?" she whimpered piteously.

George rose to the best traditions of the occasion. "Do not be alarmed," he answered quietly—almost kindly. "It will be quite all right."

Then he stepped calmly from the car and stood in the road beside it as the two skulking figures advanced upon him. One was short and dark-haired, slim at the hips, broad at the shoulders, and with a tread as stealthy and silent as a cat. His face was smooth, pasty white, expressionless—save for the furtive, shifting eyes. The other, a bulkier, more abhorrent type, slouched in awkward, uncouth fashion as he advanced with shambling tread. A deep and livid scar, drawing down the left side of his mouth, gave him at first glance an effect of grinning, contradicted by the malignant scowl of his deep-set, blood-shot eyes.

While the two stole watchfully forward, the small, dark-haired one a little in advance, with menacing revolvers pointed at vital sections of his person, George's right hand automatically sought his coat pocket and withdrew a tobacco pouch and packet of papers even as the smaller bandit raised his revolver and growled a warning. As they crept slowly nearer, he rolled a cigarette. He rolled it slowly, calmly, methodically, as though he had nothing else upon his mind. With a detached interest he watched his fingers perform their task. They were quite steady—no slightest tremor was observable. A faint approving smile lifted briefly one corner of his mouth.

Inwardly he felt a cold stark rage mounting slowly to his brain. He experienced the lust to kill—to maim, to tear asunder limb by limb the two unclean things advancing to their doom. The spirit of Bohemond had possessed him. He was cold as ice, yet flaming with a white hot heat. At the back of his brain a small voice clamored, "Kill! Kill! Kill!" It was like a chant.

The cigarette finished, he dropped the pouch in his pocket, fished out a match, snapped a light with his thumb nail, drew a deep inhalation, and flicked the match aside.

The smaller of the two bandits goggled at him with amazement in his glance. "For the love of Pete," he whispered hoarsely.

He had by now advanced quite close to George and stood peering up at him with a shifting, rat-like gaze.

"What's on your mind?" George asked. His voice was cold, harsh, menacing. His glance was fixed on a spot on the bandit's chin, a little to one side, a little underneath.

"Hand over your money," demanded the bandit.

"I'll hand over this—" responded George, as his fist shot straight to the spot he had selected. There was a thud as fist met chin, a shot, as the bandit's revolver exploded harmlessly in the air, and another thud as his body fell sprawling in the roadway. Sparring had been one of George's favorite forms of exercise at college. He had, when in training, as vouches for by Porky Flynn, "packed a whale of a wallop in his left fin." He was still in fair condition, for he had kept up desultory practice on a punching bag in his den. He had put the whole of his hundred and sixty-eight pounds into the blow, and he was quite sure that the smaller bandit had gone down for the count, and that, moreover, when he came to his senses he would be limp and helpless for an appreciable space of time. It was a clean knockout.

Before his body had landed in the roadway—before the other bandit, amazed, astounded by the *contretemps*, could rally his scattered wits, George had, with a lightning-quick motion, drawn a wicked-looking automatic from his hip pocket and fired point blank. With a frightened squeal of dismay and rage the second bandit, firing one shot at random as he turned, fled from the cold-eyed, menacing fury that advanced upon him, dashed to the black racing car, sprang in, ground his heel upon the starting button, slid in the clutch, twisted wildly at the wheel as the car crept forward, shifted to second speed, stepped upon the accelerator pedal and shot around the nearest bend in the road while George emptied the clip of cartridges in his automatic at the disappearing car. To be sure, they were blank cartridges, he reflected, but they made a very satisfactory amount of noise.

Replacing the now empty pistol in his pocket, he returned to the fallen bandit, stooped and rolled him over on his face. With his handkerchief he bound the bandit's hands behind his back, drawing the handkerchief tight with a vicious yank, and knotting it with care. Then with a strap taken from his tool box he fastened his ankles together. Returning to the car, he assisted his fair and still speechless passenger to alight, and lifting the unconscious bandit in his arms, he placed him on the seat. Then sliding back the cover of the spare compartment in the rear, he calmly lifted the unresisting Miss Janet and deposited her therein.

Resuming the driving seat, he started the engine, backed carefully around on the narrow level space, and started down the winding road toward the foot of the mountain.

* * *

THE little black-haired bandit soon began to show signs of life. A faint groan escaped his lips, his eyes opened with a dazed glance, and he stirred uneasily. George watched him from a corner of his eye. Presently their glances met, the bandit glaring with venomous hate. George's

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Little Bob of the Stone Pile

A saucy, inquisitive, prying little scamp is he, the chipmunk who lives in the old stone wall and scolds every passerby—but still and all a likeable little rascal whom we would greatly miss

I SAW next to nothing of little Bob this spring until June-bug time. Then one morning I came upon him in his old stone wall by the orchard with a little pile of June-bug shells at his side. He had cleaned them out as he would have cleaned so many pig-nuts. Several times since the snow disappeared I had seen him dodging about the stones, but never before with leisure enough to sit up to a banquet of bugs.

A few mornings later and I understood why. The stone wall had suddenly become alive with squirrels, five of them, very young and very like little Bob, except as to tails. But Bob's stump tail, I am sure, was the result of an accident—a thrilling adventure with some cat or hawk, perhaps—and not a distinguishing family feature that could be passed on to his children, as we can pass on a stub nose, say. Bob, it seemed, had been busy of late, or in semi-retirement without the time or the desire for June-bugs and sunshine. But now he was back in society—on the top of the wall again.

Little Bob is a chipmunk, the most ordinary chipmunk in the world, except for this accidental tail, which in no wise marks him as extraordinary. But did I not say that this stub tail meant a thrilling adventure? a hair-breadth escape? Perhaps. And did I not imply that a thousand chipmunks had fallen at Bob's side and ten thousand at his right hand, but through his superior wisdom and agility he had escaped with only this insignificant loss of his tail? No. I did not imply that.

Had I the fine delicacy for a successful interview with Robert's parents, or the deep insight, the supernatural gift to get at the facts from little Bob, himself, I might find that he was a wonder, and so I might be able to add another wild animal to our marvelous literary zoo, or Bestiary. But I don't know squirrel (I have a speaking acquaintance with the language, to be sure); and limited as I am in my investigations to the daylight, the opera glasses and the rather prosy spade, I have been balked at every turn in my effort to make of little Bob the interesting literary and nature-study freak that he really ought to be.

Instead, he is entirely commonplace, or better, perhaps, entirely normal, ordinary; just like the score of other chipmunks about the farm. He has always acted exactly like a chipmunk, and that is what makes him interesting. In telling me his story, he is telling me the story of all his race. Can I not find the watching of little Bob worth while unless I discover in him some extraordinary trait of the polar bear or of the ostrich or some equally extraordinary trait that he has in common only with himself?

For instance, I came upon little Bob this spring eating June-bugs. So far as my observations had gone, this was something new, though I have no doubt but that just this observation has been recorded time and again. Now, did I discover a peculiar chipmunk with an abnormal insectivorous appetite, or simply come upon a chipmunk eating, at this season of the year, what chipmunks all over the farm were eating? Remembering what a pest the June-bugs are, is there any question, as a farmer, of what I hope this meant? or as a naturalist? It certainly makes the whole chipmunk family

By DALLAS LORE SHARP

Author of "Wild Life Near Home," "Watcher in the Woods," etc.

more interesting and of more economic value, perhaps, than we have heretofore thought it, to know that little Bob and the others devour June-bugs in any such quantities.

Little Bob's slab was covered with the hollow shells of the pestiferous beetles. I have some watching still to do when June-bug time comes round again, for I could not make out whether he had taken his prey alive or was eating the dead ones that were to be found here and there in the grass. If alive, then we would do well to take good care of our chipmunks.

A strong word needs to be said for the chipmunks, anyhow. In a recent magazine of very wide circulation, the family was roundly rated and condemned to annihilation for its wicked taste for bird's eggs and young birds. There were numerous photographs of the red squirrel showing him with eggs in his mouth. There were no such proofs of chipmunk's guilt, though he was counted equally bad and will doubtless suffer with chickaree the same fate by all who took the article seriously.

I believe that is a great mistake. Little Bob is not an inveterate sucker, else I should have found it out. Because I have never caught him at it does not mean that no one else ever has. It does mean, however, that if Bob robs at all, he does it so seldom that we need not be alarmed nor call for his destruction.

There is scarcely a day in the nesting season that I do not see little Bob, yet I never noticed him even suspiciously near a bird's nest. In an apple tree, hardly six jumps from his stone pile, a brood of white-bellied swallows came to wing, while robins, chippies and red-eyed vireos—not to mention a cowbird, that I wish he had eaten—have also hatched and flown away from nests that he might easily have rifled.

Not many times have I come upon chickaree red-handed—in the very act. But the black snake the glittering fiend! And the dear house cats! If I run across a dozen black snakes in the early summer, it is safe to say that six of them will be discovered by the cries of birds that they are robbing. Likewise the cats. But what creature larger than a June-bug was ever distressed by little Bob or any other chipmunk?

In a recent letter to me, Mr. Burroughs says: "No, I never knew the chipmunk to suck or destroy eggs of any kind, and I have never heard of any well-authenticated instance of his doing so. The red squirrel is the sinner in this respect, and probably the gray squirrel also."

It will be difficult to find a true bill against him. He may occasionally err, just as I have known him at times to make a nuisance of himself; and just as I have known at times my children to make the same thing of themselves. When half a dozen chipmunks, that you have fed and petted all summer on the veranda, take up their winter quarters inside the closed cabin, and chew up your quilts, hammocks, tablecloths, and whatever else there is of chewable properties, then they are anathema. The litter they made was dreadful. But instead of exterminating the chipmunks, root and branch, a big box was prepared the next summer and lined with tin, in which the quilts and hammocks were successfully wintered.

But how real was the loss, after all? Here is a rough log cabin on the side of Thorn Mountain. What sort of a tablecloth

ought to be found in such a cabin if not one that has been artistically chewed up by chipmunks? Is it for fine linen and cut glass that we take to the woods in summer? The chipmunks are well worth a tablecloth now and then, and (if the case is proved) an occasional nest of eggs. Well worth, beside these, all the oats that they can steal from my small patch.

Only it isn't stealing. I have watched little Bob carefully, and he doesn't act as if he were taking what he had no right to. He was not told to earn his oats in the sweat of his brow. Instead, he seems to understand that he is one of the innumerable factors ordained to make me sweat—a good and wholesome experience, so long as I get the necessary oats.

And I get them in spite of Bob; though I know he must have carried off, all told, as much as I could have eaten at a breakfast—a whole serving! But then, I don't need oats every morning of my life, nor does my horse need them either.

Aside from that, however, the actual loss of the oats is more than made good. Little Bob gives me real pleasure, and I am as willing to pay for it as I am for a ticket to "Pinafore" or the county fair. Is there a man with soul so dead that he wouldn't look twice at a heap of stones because this perfectly-moulded, richly-colored, exquisite little squirrel sits a-top of it? Why, a cat will do as much as that! Chipmunk, with his sleek, round form and black and white stripes, is the daintiest, most beautiful of all our squirrels.

He is the friendliest little sprite out of doors, too, friendlier even than chickadee. The two are very much alike, but however tame and confiding chickadee may become, he is still a bird, and despite his wings, belongs to a different and a lower order of beings. Little Bob is more than curious about me; he is interested. It is not my crumbs he wants, but my friendship. Chickadee can be coaxed to eat from my hand; little Bob can be taught to eat from my lips, sleep in my pocket and even come to be stroked. I have sometimes seen chickadee in winter when he seemed to come to me out of very need for living companionship. But in the floodtide of summer life little Bob will watch me from his stone pile and tag me along the fence with every show of friendship.

While the oat harvest lasted, I am sure little Bob disturbed no bird's nests. He had no time. Never before had there been an oat patch in his vicinity. This was only six rail-lengths away.

I cut the oats as soon as they began to yellow and cocked them up, to cure for hay. It was necessary to let them make for about six days, and all of this time little Bob raced back and forth between the cocks and his stone pile. He might have hidden his gleanings in a dozen granaries nearer at hand; but evidently he wanted his store where the family could get at it in bad weather without coming forth.

This is a family habit. Had I removed the stones and dug out the nest, I should have found a tunnel leading into the ground a few feet and opening into a chamber filled with a bulky grass nest capable of holding half a dozen squirrels, and

adjoining this, through a short passageway, the storehouse of the oats.

How many trips little Bob made between this crib and the oat-patch, how many kernels he carried in his pouches at a trip, and how big a pile he had when all the grains were in, I should like to know. I might have killed him and numbered the contents of his pouches, but my scientific zeal does not quite reach that pitch any more. Just how many kernels of oats a chipmunk can stuff into his left cheek is really not worth the cost of his life, though I am sure that someone has already counted them. So have they counted the hairs on the tail of the dog of the child of the wife of the wild man of Borneo, or at least seriously guessed at the number. But this is thesis work for the doctors of philosophy, not a task for farmers and mere watchers in the woods.

Little Bob is in no danger because of my zeal for science, not that I should love to know, in terms of oats, the cubic capacity of his cheeks the less, but that I love the living little Bob, himself, the more.

He flatters me, I believe, to be Emersonian, that I am the great circumstance in little Bob's stone pile. He sits upon his high flat slab and awaits my coming as if I were a postman or a philosopher. He sits on the very edge of a crack, however, and if I take one step aside toward him he flips, and all there is left of him is a little angry squeak in the depths of the stones. But if I pass properly along without stopping or doing any other sudden thing, he sees me by, then usually follows, especially if I get well off and pause.

During a shower one day I halted under the large hickory just beyond his den. He came running after me, so interested that he forgot to look to his footing, and just opposite me slipped and bumped his nose hard against a stone—so hard that he sat up immediately and rubbed it. Another time he followed me across the garden to the wall along the road. Running this to its end, he climbed a post and continued over the middle strand of the barbed wire, wiggling, twisting, even grabbing the sharp barbs in his efforts to maintain his balance. He reached the middle between the two posts, then the sagging strand tripped him and he fell, with a splash, into a shallow pool below.

When the first heavy frosts come, little Bob, and his family, too, I believe, seek the nest in the ground below the stone pile. But they do not immediately go to sleep. The outer entrances have not yet been closed, so that there is plenty of fresh air, and of course plenty of food—acorns, chestnuts, hickory nuts and oats. They doze quietly and eat, pushing the empty shells into some side passage, in order to keep the nest clean and sweet.

But the frost is creeping down through the earth overhead, the rains are filling up the outer doorways and shutting off the supply of fresh air. Though not sound sleepers, still, one day the family cuddles down and forgets to wake until the frost has begun to creep back toward the surface and down through the softened soil is felt the thrill of the waking spring.

A Touch of Nature

By

T. B. ALDRICH



WHEN first the crocus thrusts its point of gold
Up through the still snow-drifted garden-mould,
And folded green things in dim woods unclose
Their crinkled spears, a sudden tremor goes
Into my veins and makes me kith and kin
To every wild-born thing that thrills and blows.
Sitting beside this crumbling sea-coal fire,
Here in the city's ceaseless roar and din,
Far from the brambly paths I used to know,
Far from the rustling brooks that slip and shine
Where the Neponset alders take their glow,
I share the tremulous sense of bud and briar
And inarticulate ardors of the vine.

The Rising Tide of Radicalism

Continued from page 120

We cannot expect to take our position in the economic world unless we put into political office and legislative halls the same kind of intelligence that enters into our business organizations. The political angle is having a very important effect upon our business future, and business men should study that angle, and vote, through our duly accredited representatives, intelligently, that our business may be protected and conserved.

As business men we should register our constant protest against the ever-increasing tendency to regulate business matters by governmental bodies. The ever-increasing number of laws interfering with the normal operation of economic law complicates unwarrantably our proper business procedure and unnecessarily adds to the expense and difficulty of business activities. The constant and futile effort to solve business problems by legislative enactment and to project government into business enterprises works a serious hardship not only upon the business directly affected, but upon the entire body of taxpayers because of the inevitable loss and waste that attend all such government efforts. We should assert "our fundamental belief in the economic value of private enterprise and private ownership of property as essential bases for a sound economic or political system.

In addressing ourselves to the business problems of the day, we must give due consideration to the inevitable aftermath of war and the various phases of a period of reconstruction through which we must pass patiently in the full assurance that it is but temporary, although unavoidable. The billions of wealth lost in the waste of war and the millions of lives detached from productive effort have created gaps in the world's capital which only time can fill. To the process of readjustment and rehabilitation the business men of America should lend a hand, with patience and breadth of spirit, in the full assurance that the commanding position now held by this country in the world's affairs will bring its full reward as the problem is worked out.

INCREASE PUBLIC UNDERSTANDING

The business men of the United States should finally resolve to do all in their power to help make the public understand the country's great economic problems and stimulate a demand for a sound, satisfactory solution of them. That should be the motive for and guiding spirit of the closer and more unified co-operation of the business men of America. They have a very important economic function to perform in our modern civilization. They also have an equally important educational mission before them, and they have the greatest opportunity

in their history to perform an invaluable service to the public. They should seize that opportunity and make the best of it—for the sake of

they face not only a great opportunity, but a great duty in this hour, a duty to preserve the ideals and to protect the principles upon which the nation was built, and for which her sons have died. Many have stood on the battlefields and in the American cemeteries of France and seen those long lines of white crosses pointing to the sky, marking the sacrifice which this nation made that the world order might be preserved and civilization not be destroyed. It is inconceivable that the sacrifices that we have made for liberty, democracy, and justice among men shall have been made in vain.

SACRIFICE FOR THE WORLD

WE did not make this sacrifice for ourselves alone, but for a world in need. How far that vision of the future was foreseen by a great American prophet, when on the battlefield of Gettysburg President Lincoln called upon the nation solemnly to resolve that the sacrifices made there should not be in vain, and that government of the people, for the people and by the people should not perish; he did not say "should not perish from the North," or "from the South," or "from the United States," but "from the earth."

To that high resolve we would call the business men of America today, to rededicate themselves to their country's service.

Democracy faces its great test. The future of civilization, its rise or its fall, depends in large measure upon the business men, the leaders in its thought and affairs. This is an hour for determined effort, courage, wisdom and patience.

As the richest nation in the world, on a sound financial basis, and operating under a democratic form of government now the oldest in the civilized world, with almost unlimited resources and opportunities awaiting our improvement, this country faces a future of assured prosperity which can be threatened only by internal strife or lack of leadership and intelligent co-operation. In the United States, as "the heir of all the ages," lies the hope of the world. Duty and opportunity alike call us to its realization.

A fidelity to the ancient standards of sanity, honesty, and experience which refuses to be misled by popular delusions, Utopian dreams or economic will o' the wisps can withstand all the dangers of world reaction and maintain the order upon which alone a sound future can be built. In the face of alluring temptations to indulge in a general looseness of thought, speech, and action, we would add our approval of the time-tried conviction that the arithmetic tables, the copy-book and the Ten Commandments are still the safest guides to human thought and conduct.

enlightened selfishness, a selfishness that is served best when it serves others most.

Business men of America should realize that



Pearls for Purity

Since first the male of the human species began to bedeck his womankind with gems the Pearl has stood first in his regard as an emblem of modesty and purity

WHEREVER woman has been enthroned in the admiration and love of man, the pearl has been inseparably connected with her in his mind as a peculiarly fitting accompaniment to feminine loveliness. This has come to pass probably because the ideal qualities of woman and the gem of the sea—are alike—purity and modesty. The beauty of the most lustrous pearl is unobtrusive and its quality is virginal. From unknown times when man first discovered, near the shore, just a few miles out where the bottom of the sea is but a few fathoms deep, until now, shells of wonderful structure, their pearly treasures beautiful to look upon have held desire constant, and the eyes of woman brighten when they look upon a string of these spheres of beauty just as eyes did in the far-off Indies thousands of years ago.

In all ages pearls have been the social insignia of rank among the highly civilized. No other gem has been so abundantly used by the princes of the East. The ocean gem was peerless among the ancient nations of Asia before their power began to wane and the tide of empire swept westward.

There is perhaps no instinct implanted in the human breast more powerful than the love of admiration; there is certainly none more ancient and universal. It is a passion more or less strongly developed in every one of us—in the savage who rejoices in his tattooing, and equally in the man and woman of today of wealth and fashion.

To furnish becoming material wherewith to gratify this passion, every realm of nature has been put under contribution. Earth has been mined and seas have been explored and both have yielded lavishly of their bounty.

But to the sea, the thundering, tumbling, rising, falling, roaring, rolling, madly racing, madly surging, sweetly singing sea, sheltered under its breasts and undisturbed by the furies of the upper world, belongs the glory of giving to man the gem—at once pre-eminent and unrivaled—the pearl.

Of all subjects connected with the study of pearls none is more fascinating than that referring to the ideas which were entertained by ancient philosophers and poets regarding their origin. By the ancient Persians a Solar origin was attributed to them. Another widespread notion was that they were formed by dew and rain received into the gaping shell of the pearl-oyster. This explanation of their origin was set forth by the writer Pliny ". . . and the fruit of these shell fishes are the pearls, better or worse, great or small, according to the quality and quantity of the dew which they received . . ." Imaginative writers have ever looked upon this dew-origin of pearls as a fit subject for their play of fancy or to point a moral. The oriental poet Sadi beautifully writes: "A drop of water fell one day from a cloud into the sea. Ashamed and confounded on finding itself in such an immen-

By GEORGE JOHNSON

sity of water, it exclaimed, 'What am I in comparison with this vast ocean? My existence is less than nothing in this boundless abyss.' While it thus discoursed of itself, a pearl-shell received it into its bosom, and fortune favored it, that it became a magnificent and precious pearl, worthy of adorning the diadem of kings. Thus was its humility the cause of its elevation, and by annihilating itself it merited exaltation."

Another imaginative idea was that the pearl was worthy of a more noble origin, therefore pearls were formed from "tears wept by angels."

I was the angel, who of old bowed down
From heaven to earth and shed that tear, O Pearl
From which thou wert first fashioned in thy shell.

Of course the advance of science has swept aside all the old beliefs and imaginative ideas about these spherical little bodies and today we have a rational explanation of their origin and formation.

Opposite the Waldorf Astoria hotel and within

a stone's throw of the great establishment of Tiffany, high up on the twelfth floor of the Columbia Trust Building, is a modest office, the owner of which I knew to be able to give me certain information which I required. So I called upon Miss Alice C. Duffey, a quiet, unassuming lady, but one who has had a long and intimate association with pearls, and one of the few women of the world whom one might truly call an expert.

Having exchanged greetings, I told her I had been asked by the editor of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE to write an article on pearls. And like most Americans who are willing to tackle anything, even though they know nothing about it, I had agreed feeling that I could rely upon her for help. Further, I confessed that my technical knowledge of pearls would not be of the slightest value to Mr. Joe Chapple's readers. She smiled a very sweet smile and said, "Draw up a chair and tell me what you want to know."

She was sitting at her desk, and in her hands was a beautiful necklace of pearls which she was about to take apart and restring. "Miss Duffey," I said, "not having a poetic soul, I don't believe



MISS ALICE C. DUFFEY is one of the very few women in the world who can qualify as an expert on pearls. Day after day, year in and year out, in her quiet little nook far above the hurrying crowds on one of New York's busiest thoroughfares, she selects, assorts, matches and arranges these most intimate of all Milady's gems, and strings them upon silken cords. The necklace she is holding is a mere bauble valued at only one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

that a pearl is a 'tear wept by angels,' and anyhow I was never taught that I would have to weep any more once I entered the 'pearly gates,' so will you tell me what a pearl really is." She replied:

"Scientific men tell us that the pearl is formed by a mollusk. It lives in a large shell which it has built for itself as a home and a protection for its soft body. This shell opens and closes at the will of the inhabitant. Sometimes when the shell is open a grain of sand or some other foreign substance gets inside and the mollusk cannot eject it. Or again when the shell is closed some minute ocean parasite attacks the shell from the outside by a boring process and enters to attack. In either case the mollusk has its defense. As soon as the extraneous matter is inside the attacked exudes a substance called nacre and envelops it with layer upon layer until the object is completely encysted, and thus the pearl is formed."

"Where is the shell containing pearls to be found?"

"The pearl-bearing shell is fished up from the ocean or river bed and is to be found on the shoals and reefs of every land within a certain distance north and south of the equator. Beyond these limits they are also found off Japan, on the Californian coast, the Cape, Australia, New Zealand, China, and the shores of India and Ceylon."

While watching the interesting process of stringing the pearls and enjoying the beauty of a lovely one she was showing me, the thought came to me that the word "matchless" is often used in connection with pearls, so I put the question. This is her answer: "No two good-sized pearls ever found were exactly alike, just

as no two human thumb prints are. It is said that to match a pearl as near perfect as possible is to double the value of both. There are so many tones of color that to match thirty or forty pearls of good size involves great and painstaking effort. You must bear in mind that probably nothing requires a sharper eye, a more delicate sense of color and greater patience than the assembling of a finely-matched string of pearls." And one can readily understand after examining a fine necklace why a thing of beauty is compared to a matchless pearl.

Pearl stringing is quite an art. Here is what I learned while sitting and talking. The largest and best pearl is placed in the center, on each side of which are laid the two next in size and color, and so on to the end of the necklace. The deftness with which Miss Duffey threads the pearls is very pleasing to watch. She takes the pure silk thread, two or three strands together, and scrapes the ends with a sharp knife until the combined thickness of the three strands is less than one. Then the ends are stiffened by means of a "glue" to a sharp point and passed through the pearls one by one until they are all on the silk. A deftly-tied knot, with the help of tweezers, between each pearl, completes the operation.

"Now Miss Duffey," I asked, "I have heard it said that pearls actually decay, lose their lustre, and die. Is that so?"

"Well, not exactly. Pearls strictly do not die, because there can be no death without life, and a pearl has not life. But pearls do undoubtedly decay and lose their lustre, thus depreciating their value. They decay and lose their lustre if exposed to influences which destroy the calcareous layer of the pearl. This may be due to many causes. Chiefly they may be affected by

the wearer having exudations from the skin brought on by some disease or else by certain acids coming from the pores through perspiration. They may be also affected through the acids in perfume, undue exposure to heat, careless washing, exposure to acids or acid fumes. The chemical composition of pearls being mostly lime, they are porous and of course absorb impurities.

"Can decay be arrested and dimmed lustre be restored?" I asked, feeling that the answer to this question would be of much interest to an owner of a fine string of pearls.

"Positively yes," was the answer, while I listened very attentively. "I treat sick pearls myself. As I have already explained to you, a pearl is porous, and just as your skin will absorb impurities which is why you take a Turkish bath, so will a pearl, to which I also give a bath, but not a Turkish one. I have a solution (this was said with a brightening flash of pride in the eye) which I prepare and in which I dip the sick pearl. This solution penetrates the outside skin reaching the inside layers of nacre, destroying the impurities, thus arresting the decay and restoring the lustre. I have treated several sick pearls for customers of mine. This is the part of my work of which I am very proud and tremendously interested in."

The interview was at an end. I arose and said good-bye with a feeling that I had just conversed with a very remarkable woman, and, with the lines of Goldsmith occurring to me where he describes the wonderment of the pupils as they looked at the schoolmaster of the "Deserted Village":

And still and still their wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

George Does It

Continued from page 127

right hand forsook the steering wheel and sought in the pocket of his coat the revolver that had dropped from the bandit's nerveless hand. He jabbed the muzzle against his ribs.

"Set still," he growled, "or I'll blow you to kingdom come."

The car lurched and took a curve with the outside wheels a bare six inches from the side of the road. Straight below them the mountain dropped away for a thousand feet. The sensation was that of dropping through space. The Honorable Miss Lansing gasped and covered her frightened eyes with trembling hands.

"For the love of Pete," begged the bandit with frenzied accents, "use your hands to drive with. I'm not going to jump."

"I can drive quite well with one hand," George answered—nevertheless he dropped the revolver back in his pocket and devoted his attention to the road.

The Honorable Miss Lansing removed her hands from her eyes and regarded the back of George's head with a glance of wondering awe.

How like Bohemond's portrait was his profile, she thought, and thrilled deliciously. Swiftly the car dropped down the mountain side till presently they reached the level road and headed for the village. The bandit, with sullen gaze fixed on vacancy, remained immovable. The Honorable Miss Lansing's gaze enveloped George with a halo of high romance. His eyes were fixed on the high Olympian heights, and his heart sang.

Through the main street of the village they

passed, the bandit crouching rat-like in a corner of the seat, until the car slid to a sudden stop in front of the village lock-up.

Stepping calmly from the car, George passed round it to the other side, opened the door, unbuckled the strap about the bandit's ankles, seized him by the arm with a vise-like grip and led him unresisting within the portals of the law.

To the amazed officer at the desk he resigned his charge with a few brief words of explanation and saw him led cell-ward by a burly turnkey.

WITH the look of high resolve still upon his face, George returned to the car, assisted the Honorable Miss Lansing from the rear compartment to the front seat, and the car rolled slowly down the street.

Presently it turned down a shady side street and stopped before a vine-embowered cottage.

A neat brass sign upon the door announced: "Rev. Alexander Morris, Pastor, Church of the Redeemer."

George turned to his companion. "Janet, will you marry me?" he asked quietly, even sternly. In a small, meek voice she answered, "Ye—yes, George."

"Now?"

"Ye—yes, George."

The gray-haired, sweet-faced mistress of the cottage herself opened the door to admit them, and fluttered about the Honorable Miss Lansing with pleasing solicitude.

A quarter of an hour later they emerged—man and wife.

"We will start for Washington at eight o'clock," announced George, as they seated themselves again in the car.

"Ye—yes, George—dear," answered his bride, meekly.

Back at his home again, after leaving his bride with her hostess to make hurried preparations for her bridal trip, Agatha met him at the door. "The manager of the moving picture studio has been calling for you on the 'phone for the last hour," she announced. "There he is again," she said, as the bell jingled insistently.

George picked up the receiver. "Hello!" he said. "Yes, this is Mr. Williams. Yes. Ran into your car, did he? Is that so? Anybody hurt? Went over the cliff in his car? Well, I believe there's a reward of a thousand dollars offered for him, dead or alive. That will pay for repairing your car. You got a picture of the whole thing? That's bully. I'd like to see it—when I get back from Washington. Yes, I turned the other one over to the police. How did I know they were the real article? Well, you see, I remembered reading that the left rear mud guard of their car was smashed. I noticed it at once. Yes, thank you. Good-bye."

He hung up the 'phone and smiled as at a distant vision.

"Bohemond, old scout," he murmured, "I'm going to burn two candles for you every Christmas eve."

Taming the Terror

How an ancient suit of armor was pressed into service by a modern knight errant to aid in conquering a raging dragon and win the favor of a fair lady

MR. PATRICK SULLIVAN, in his position as amateur keeper of Mr. Burlington's amateur menagerie, had generally approved of his employer's penchant for collecting wild animals. But when a full-grown Canadian lynx was sent to join the happy family already occupying one end of the estate's largest barn, he made bold to express some doubts.

"It ain't in the laste that I'm afraid of the baste," he informed Miss Mulvaney, the new cook. "It's his unfriendly disposition—not that there's anything I'd be alarmed about, ye unstand."

"Certainly not—not at all—no hindeed!" put in Mr. Marks, otherwise plain James, the butler. This remark was intended, by its ironical quality, to discount Miss Mulvaney's esteem of Patrick. Miss Mulvaney was such a young lady as anyone might have been proud to possess, and James had already established himself as an applicant for all the esteem she could spare.

"Would you be carin' to have a look at him?" suggested Patrick, disregarding Mr. Marks' insinuation. "And you, too, Mr. Marks," he added. "I'm sure you'd be greatly took with his whiskers."

"Has he them, really?" asked Miss Mulvaney.

"Well, not quite so handsome as Mr. Marks," said Patrick, "nor yet, if I may say so, quite so expressive. But the style is as like as one fence-picket to another. Won't ye both step down and see him?"

Miss Mulvaney decided that she would, and James, who couldn't altogether decide whether he was being complimented or maligned, decided that he would, too. Patrick led the way down the white-gravelled roadway to the barn. With due ceremony he produced his key and ushered them in.

"Right this way for the prowlin' terror!" he announced. "That's his cage over there, between the marmoset and the South-Africke guinea pigs. Please don't step inside the ropes. Not bein' long in a state of captivity, he generally takes a crack at everything he can reach."

"Poof!" retorted Mr. Marks. "Who's afraid of your old kitty-cat?"

They lined up in front of the cage. In the gloom of the rear part, the lynx's eyes glowered green and threatening.

"Do ye notice the cut of his whiskers, Mr. Marks?" said Pat. "Ain't they lovely, eh?"

"Not bad," admitted James.

"He nivver has to trim them either," commented Pat. "And look at the lovely tufts on his ears. That's where he's got one on you, Mr. Marks. I don't suppose, now, you could grow anything like that, no matter how hard you tried?"

"I presume you think your remarks are witty, Mr. Sullivan," retorted the butler. "But I will specify right here that your animal is a hugly brute. If you should wish to see something really instructive, I'd advise you to inspect the

By ALLAN UPDEGRAFF

latest addition to the drawing room bricky-brac, sir?"

"For mesilf, I prefer livin' animals," returned Pat. He stepped inside the rope and tapped on the bars of the cage. The lynx bared its teeth and emitted a savage aspirate.

"He's a trifle unfriendly yet," remarked Pat. "But I'll soon tame it out of him."

"Tame 'im!" retorted James. "You tame 'im, hindeed!"

"I'll do it if I have to trim off his ear-bobs and whiskers, and make him look civilized," declared Pat: "Yes, sir! I'll have him behavin' like a perfect gentleman in less'n a month!"

"I, personally, say you won't," retorted James. "Shall we return to the 'ouse, Miss Mulvaney?"

"Looky here," said Pat, with rising Irish, "what'll you bet I don't tame him? Didn't I tame them two silver foxes? Sure and I'll tame him. I'll have him so's a child could lead him 'round wid a cotton string!"

"I never indulge in wagers," returned Mr. Marks, with condescension. "But, as I said before, I, personally, think you're over-stating your abilities, as is one of your failings."

"I think you'll be displaying all kinds of bravery if you do tame him, Mr. Sullivan," interposed Miss Mulvaney. "He looks fierce and wild to a lamentable degree. Are you thinking of entering the cage with him ever?"

"Sure, I will that!" declared Pat. "Why, I'll be pullin' his whiskers and callin' him by his first name, as friendly as you please, inside of two weeks!"

"Poof!" said Mr. Marks.

"Will you really?" said Miss Mulvaney. "Well, I'm thinkin' you'd better take time to consider before you do it." She turned toward the door. "Won't you come up to the house now and inspect the bricky-brac Mr. Marks is after mentionin'?" she asked. "It's just come, and is really highly interesting."

Patrick followed them outside in a huffed silence. The butler's superior disbelief and the thinly veiled skepticism of the admirable Miss Mulvaney hurt his pride—and something more than his pride, for he had developed a considerable fondness for Miss Mulvaney and a corresponding dislike of Mr. Marks' fondness for her. However, he hid his feelings under a strong resolution to "show them," and turned his attention to bric-a-brac.

They discovered, upon reaching the house, that the Burlingtions had unexpectedly returned from a visit to the city, which forced putting off an inspection of the interesting bric-a-brac. Mr. Marks hastened away to make up for his workaday character of James, and Mrs. Perkins, the housekeeper, descended upon Miss Mulvaney with directions for dinner. Patrick returned to the barn. There he spent an unprofitable half

hour in exchanging glowers with the lynx and considering ways of taming that unfriendly brute.

In giving him charge of the Highlandale menagerie, Mr. Burlington had trusted rather in Patrick's mother wit and teachability than in his previous experience. With the exception of the lynx, the menagerie consisted of such easily managed creatures as a pair of silver foxes, a young black bear, a family of Brazilian macaws with monstrous voices, a marmoset, a colony of guinea pigs, and a pair of wild dogs from Australia. Furnished with plain directions and a quantity of zoological literature, Pat had managed the collection with satisfaction to all concerned. On the subject of the newly arrived lynx, however, his ideas were rather hazy, as may be inferred from the ideas he had expressed about changing that animal's disposition and whiskers.

After several vain attempts to put his hand near the bars of the big cat's cage without exciting its anger, he retired to his room to consult literature on the subject. He found quite a mass of literature dealing with lynxes. The most important bits of information he gained were that the lynx was "not excelled by the lion, the tiger, the panther nor the jaguar in the untamable ferocity of its disposition," and that Canadian lynxes were the worst kind of lynxes.

These facts might have discouraged most men, but Patrick had long since decided that one couldn't believe everything printed in books. Besides, it was very important to tame that particular lynx. He began operations by gently stroking the animal's back with a broom handle, allowing it to chew, claw, and screech at the handle to its heart's content.

"I understand you're thinking of combing out the side-whiskers of your new kitty-cat pretty soon, Mr. Sullivan," remarked Mrs. Perkins, the housekeeper, at the dinner table that evening. "Can't I lend you the loan of a nice bit of red ribbon to tie them up with?"

Mr. Marks p'aced his hand delicately over his mouth and tittered. Miss Mulvaney grinned, unfeelingly grinned. Mrs. Burlington's French maid looked interested.

"You haf, then, a new kitty, Mr. Sullivan?" she inquired.

"It's a wildeat, ma'm, a Canady lynx," explained Patrick. "Mrs. Perkins is wittily alludin to the fact that I'm thinkin' of tamin' him."

"Oh—a wildeat!" said the maid. "Shall you not haf a great difficulty?"

"Probably yes, ma'm," replied Pat modestly. "But I guess I'll get around him."

"Tame 'im!" put in Mr. Marks. "You tame 'im, hindeed!"

"Well, maybe not," said Pat; "but what with his side-whiskers he looks to be as gentle as a mutton-chop."

"Bravel!" chirruped the French maid. She had basked in the sunshine of Mr. Marks' smile until the arrival of Miss Mulvaney, and disliked him accordingly.

"Don't think that by insulting of me, sir," returned Mr. Marks, "you can distract attention from your own boastful attitude. Whenever you makes good by getting into the cage with that hugly brute—well, James Marks will have a better opinion of you, sir."

"Will ye listen to that, Ma'm'selle?" asked Pat of the French maid. "I'd almost hate to do it now."

"Poof!" replied Ma'm'selle. "You will show heem! You haft a great bravery, I think!"

Patrick rewarded her with a bow, and glanced at Miss Mulvaney out of the tail of his eye. He was pleased to notice that she was interested in Ma'm'selle's friendliness. He hoped she was sorry for her own unsympathetic attitude.

During the next few days he devoted most of his waking hours to trying to awaken a sign of friendliness in the big wildcat, but the big wildcat showed no desire to be friendly. In fact it seemed to look forward, with ugly satisfaction, to opportunities for showing its hatred of its would-be friend, and grew in ferocity in proportion as he attempted to tame it. The very sight of Patrick was enough to inspire bared teeth and uncomplimentary remarks in wild cat language.

The servants' quarters took a good deal of interest in the matter, and Pat was bantered continually. They wanted to know when he was going to bring his friend to luncheon; and whether it would jump through a hoop, and how many times a day he visited it in its boudoir. Ma'm'selle alone showed a friendly interest in his experiment. As for Miss Mulvaney, she seemed to have no interest in the matter, one way or the other.

On his way to the house, early one afternoon, Pat came face to face with the fair cook.

"It's a fine day," she said.

"It is," replied Pat, shortly.

"For tam'in' a wildcat," she added, with a wicked twinkle in her eyes.

Patrick flushed up and started away.

"Don't be huffed!" she called after him. "Come in, and I'll show ye the bricky-brac Mr. Marks was tellin' ye of. The folks is all away until tomorrow."

"I have a prev'ous engagement with M'am'selle," returned Pat, with dignity, "who is going to show me Mr. Burlington's new suit of mid-eval arthmor. Good day to ye."

"Oh, and so that's it!" she flashed back. "Well, I wish ye joy of your coortin'!"

Pat hesitated. "Say, now, Miss Katherine," he began; but she turned her back on him.

"Go lang wit' ye!" she said.

"I was thinkin' of doin' nothin' else," he retorted; and went.

But the armor and Ma'm'selle together were hardly enough to take his mind off this short passage at arms, which he felt that, but for misunderstandings, might have led to a satisfactory treaty of peace. As Ma'm'selle explained the virtues of the steel clothes, however, Pat began to be more interested. The suit was a fine example of sixteenth century work, and in excellent repair.

"You see, one inside, he is all covered up," explained Ma'm'selle. "Nozzing can hurt him at all. Not ze sharp arrows, nor can ze sharp swords scratch him."

"Say, that's right, ain't it?" said Pat, fingering the smooth plates of overlapping steel. "Nothin' could scratch him if he was inside that, I'm thinkin'!" His eyes widened as if with the dawning of an exciting idea. "And look at that iron business that comes down over the face!"

"Zat is his visor," explained Ma'm'selle. "See—it work up, like zis, and zen, when he go to fight, it work down, like zis."

"Fine!" declared Pat, with increasing excitement. "I'm thinkin' maybe it's just the thing I need! I wonder, now, how a man would get inside of it, at all?"

"It buckles all down the side," said Ma'm'selle. She laughed. "Mr. Marks, he try put it on—but he far too big!"

Pat measured himself up against the armor.

"It 'ud about fit me," he remarked.

"Put it on!" cried Ma'm'selle. "Come, I know how! I help you! It will fit you fine!"

"Well," acquiesced Pat doubtfully, "I don't s'pose it 'ud hurt it."

Ma'm'selle had already taken off the helmet, and was unbuckling the breast and back-plates. With her assistance, Pat arrayed himself from head to foot in the steel clothing. In response to his repeated requests, Ma'm'selle buckled and clamped him in with great thoroughness.

"But you should have ze shoes, also, on!" she cried, when she had finished. "It look far nicer so!"

"I guess the ones I've got on will do all right," said Pat, looking down at his up-to-date extremities which showed beneath the shining greaves. "It ain't the looks I'm affer, so much as the protection."

"Ze protection?" repeated Ma'm'selle.

"I was just thinkin'," said Patrick, "this would be a good thing to argue wid a Canady lynx in. If I was to get into his cage all buckled up in this here hardware—"

Ma'm'selle interrupted him with a shriek of delight. "Oh, how perfectly fine!" she cried, dancing around him. "How you fool zem! Zey all say you go in his cage nevar! But you go—yes, yes! Only wait! I get you a coat to put on so zey not see you go to ze barn!"

She rushed away and returned with a long raincoat.

"Put it over ze head—zere! Now coom to ze side door! Ah, such a fine joke! Hasten! I go to tell all, immediate!"

With his heavy visor up and the long coat dangling from the top of his helmet to his greaved calves, Patrick made his way to his own room, a little cubby-hole in the loft above the menagerie. He got out an oil can, and thoroughly lubricated the joints of the old armor. It was rather awkward, especially about the shoulders; but, taking it all in all, he was astonished at the freedom of movement it permitted. The gauntlets, made of a double layer of small interlinked steel rings on the palms, and of thin overlapping steel bands on the backs, were especially flexible.

While he was putting the finishing touches to his arrangements, he heard the excited conversation of the audience, just entering the barn. He gave them some minutes to get settled, and to work up a proper feeling of expectation, before he descended the stairs. When at length he appeared, with his visor closed and one gauntleted hand resting on the big hook that had once supported a two-handed sword, he was greeted by a variety of exclamations.

"He's got on the new bricky-brac!" cried Miss Mulvaney.

"A stupendous exhibition of nerve, I call it!" remarked Mr. Marks.

"Do not mind what he says!" screamed Ma'm'selle.

"And it cost over seven thousand dollars!" put in Mrs. Perkins.

Beneath his visor, Patrick gasped. But it was no time for doubt or hesitation. He ad-

vanced to the lynx's cage and laid his hand upon the bars. The big cat bristled up and snarled. The largest macaw squawked dismally. Pat pushed up his visor and surveyed his audience.

"I wish to remark that there has been a considerable amount of interest took in me sayin' that I'd get into the cage of this animal here," he began. "Mr. Marks and Miss Mulvaney, in especial, has said—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Sullivan," interrupted Miss Mulvaney, "but I never said it."

"Well, maybe you didn't," admitted Pat, somewhat confused.

"No more did I," put in Mr. Marks tartly. "Mind who you're accusing, Mr. Sullivan."

"Well, I'm going into this cage, anyhow," declared Pat. "And there ye have it."

"Nobody's going to prevent you," said Mr. Marks.

Pat shut his visor with a disguised click. He had intended a discourse on a somewhat higher plane.

"I shall now," he said, making a final effort as he removed the padlock that fastened the cage door, "enter the cage of this Canady lynx, which, as is well known, is more ferocious than the lion, the tiger, the panther and the jaguar."

"He is not," said Mr. Marks, "Poof!"

"I can show ye the very words in print!" declared Pat hotly. "But that's nothing to talk about now. I said I'd get into the cage with this here wildcat, and I'm going to do it. Maybe since you're feelin' so uppish, Mr. Marks, you'll come and padlock this door shut when I get inside!"

"With infinite pleasure," replied Mr. Marks, ducking down under the rope that ran in front of the cage.

"Hah!" snarled the lynx. Mr. Marks jumped.

"Don't be afraid," said Pat, giving the butler the lock and key, "he's gentle as any lamb. Won't you come inside and be introduced, Mr. Marks?"

Mr. Marks was too much excited to reply. Pat pulled open the small door and crept into the cage. The wildcat, crouching in the far corner, repeated its exclamation. Mr. Marks hastily slammed the cage door and fumbled with the lock.

"Nice kitty!" said Pat. He got slowly to his feet, and waved a gauntleted hand placatingly at the big cat.

Immediately a gray streak stretched from the big cat's corner to the top of Pat's helmet. The air seemed full of squalling, hissing, scratching wildcat. Taken unprepared, and being rather top-heavy, Patrick was bowled headlong into a corner, where he brought up with a clatter like that produced by the dropping of a crate of hardware. With a startled "Wow!" Mr. Marks dived under the ropes. The cage door flew open, and the frenzied lynx whizzed, screeching and clawing, out onto the barn floor.

Then pandemonium followed. Ma'm'selle shrieked, Miss Mulvaney screamed, Mrs. Perkins yelled, and Mr. Marks roared. The macaws flew wildly about their cages, screeching with all the might of their monstrous voices; the wild dogs from Australia leaped over each other and howled.

Patrick, surprised and bumped as he was, soon sized up the situation, and boldly went in pursuit of the lynx. The lynx, after playing leap-frog with the audience and the other animal cages, had taken refuge behind a wheelbarrow, near the main door. The audience, thus shut off from escape into the open air, made its way up to the loft with all possible speed. Most of it

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Department Stores of Finance

That's what the head of the greatest financial institution in America calls the banks. President Charles E. Mitchell of the National City Bank believes in keeping in touch with individuals

A FINANCIAL department store, that's what the modern bank has come to be," were the characteristic words of Charles E. Mitchell, president of the National City Bank of New York, the largest financial institution of the Western Hemisphere. I had traced my steps to his office at 55 Wall Street, in that wonderful banking structure owned by the bank and which was once the New York Custom House.

"It has always seemed to me that there is and always has been too much mystery connected with banking," he said, "and it is our purpose to take this mystery out of the business and show it to the people for what it is, a straightforward, necessary machine by which the business of the nation can be smoothly carried on and the safety of everyone's funds secured. We feel that our business is a matter of salesmanship—selling a bank to the people. We sell our goods over the counter just the same way a clerk sells a necktie."

I remarked on the popular belief that the big banks in New York City were rather grim institutions, hedged about with traditions and precedents, and that it was generally believed the "little fellow" received small attention from them.

"Yes," said Mr. Mitchell, "I know that has been a widespread impression in the past, but we are doing everything we can to prove to the public that it isn't so. For my part, I am doing everything I can to stimulate a feeling of friendliness and warmth and I want to write 'welcome' over every door of this institution. It is the individual in whom I am interested, and in him from the cradle to the grave, for the young men of today are the business men of tomorrow."

As I looked about me I saw that Charles E. Mitchell was practising the policy he had preached to me. There was nothing to give the most timid any feeling of coldness. The desk in front of him was not one of those massive mahogany creations, but a modest, serviceable desk which I would say had been in use for many years and must have a very personal history. On the top of this desk were three sheets of memorandums. The chairs were comfortable and apparently not calculated to make the "sitter" uneasy. This dominantly Colonial atmosphere breathed with cordiality, friendliness and a desire to make you feel at home.

George Washington's picture occupied a prominent place back of a tall floor lamp at one side of the desk. The tall buildings and narrow streets visible on the outside from where we sat were characterized by Mr. Mitchell as "The Canyons of New York."

Pictures are always interesting to me, either at home or in an office. So, looking farther on the walls, I saw Thomas Jefferson, John Quincy Adams, Madison and Calhoun; and pointing to a wonderful old print at Mr. Mitchell's back, I asked, "Isn't that Alexander Hamilton?"



CHARLES E. MITCHELL, President of the National City Bank of New York City—the largest financial institution in America—believes that there has been too much mystery connected with the banking business. He thinks banks should be made as democratic as department stores

"That is Alexander Hamilton," he replied, with a certain noticeable pride in his eyes. "This bank was organized and opened its doors for business just three days before the War of 1812 was declared; and those doors have never been closed; the bank has lived through all the wars, panics, and times of stress through which the country has passed since that early date. Those original stockholders were the stockholders of Alexander Hamilton's Bank, the first bank of the United States. They formed the nucleus of the great City Bank of today."

It is not to be wondered at that Charles E. Mitchell prefers the Colonial with this inception of the bank, added to the fact that he was born in Chelsea, Massachusetts, of parents descended from Colonial families, members of both branches having served in the War of the Revolution.

The presidency of the National City Bank, the post formerly held by Frank Vanderlip and James Stillman, has been his since May 3, 1921. He is a young man still, for let it be known that in 1899 he was graduating from Amherst College.

When one realizes that within six years from the time he joined the National City Company as Vice-President and active manager, a company closely associated with the National City Bank, he became the president of the recognized leader of American financial institutions, one

begins to have an idea of the kind of man Charles E. Mitchell is.

Direct, forceful, open, quick in decision, firm in conclusions, with a surety of manner which is impressive, Charles E. Mitchell is one of the greatest executives I have ever met. He is a banker, a merchant, a salesman, and in all very human. He deals in dollars, yes, but he first deals with the individual. He runs the entire gamut of banking—savings deposits, safe deposit vaults, trust department, and the regular checking account department, each with a technique of its own, all of which contribute to make the splendid institution all agree the City Bank is.

Mr. Mitchell is especially proud of the success of the National City Company, which is an organization for the purchase and distribution of high class bonds and other investment securities. It is closely affiliated with the City Bank.

"Promoters with worthless properties can tell a good sales story and get away with it," said Mr. Mitchell, "but the National City Company must stand back of everything it says. We can never make loose or frothy statements. Yet, we have to compete against the 'fly-by-night.' It is the difference between the real and the unreal. For a conservative investment house to advertise its wares used to be considered undignified, but I believe in advertising our products just the same as a department store advertises its goods. People will not know where to get good securities if the information is kept secret. I do not believe in advertising that is based only on the idea of size or age, but the advertising that sells the underlying responsibility of the institution." In these words Mr. Mitchell laid down his creed, and it is the creed of a man to whom has been intrusted an institution whose assets amount to more than \$850,000,000.

"About money matters," he continued, "financing is fundamental. Nations, companies, businesses, movements, individuals—all must be financed."

"Yes," I replied, "that is certainly true; the thirteen colonies themselves had to be financed—prohibition had to be financed."

"Do you do a great deal of business with other banks?" I asked, thinking that perhaps the proportion was large in this direction.

"Yes, with banks all over the world, but again it is the individual in whom I am most interested."

I did not realize just how cardinal was this answer until I found that there were stockholders of the National City Bank in every state in the Union, in every large city in the United States, and in nearly every foreign country, from the Far East and China to Spain and the South American countries.

Still discussing the bank and the individual, he said, "Just a few years ago the stock of this bank was held mostly in very large blocks. We have steadily pursued the policy of breaking these large blocks up into smaller holdings until

today the average is sixty shares to each stockholder. That is a small average, and it means that a great many people are interested with us."

"What do you think about the outlook for the future in this country, Mr. Mitchell?" I asked.

"There is no question but that business has been stabilized, at least for a time," he said. "I see no reason why prosperity should not continue for some time to come. It is all a question of getting everybody to use reason and moderation and to desist from the alternating cycles of great and slight business activity that have marked past eras. There are always clouds in the sky, but there is still enough sky to make it look like a real sky—not blue sky either."

As I was getting up to leave I cast questioning eyes over the three sheets of paper on his desk.

Almost anticipating my question, he said, "Yes, that is the business of the bank for today." Looking over his shoulder, I was amazed at the extent to which he was able to keep his fingers on every one of the National City's world-wide activities. It was like watching a trained physician taking the pulse of his patient to watch Mr. Mitchell cast his practised eye over the figures that told of the ebb and flow of commerce in all parts of the world.

There is one outstanding point, to my mind, in the success of Charles E. Mitchell as an executive, and that is that he has his organization well connected—in fact, "well wired." The more than fifty offices of the National City Company are directly connected with the head office in New York by 11,000 miles of private telephone

and telegraph wires, while constant cable communication is maintained between the bank and its branches abroad. Is it any wonder that he has an effective and efficient organization?

At the head of America's largest bank—yet human as you and I. The telephone rang and Charles Mitchell, banker, took up the receiver. I heard him say, "Go out to the house and crate that picture so that it can be taken to the summer cottage at Southampton, right away. Mrs. Mitchell will feel more at home with it."

I have known many men who forgot they had a home, to say nothing of a wife, on far less business. But here was a man who was not busy enough on this day to make him forget that Mrs. Mitchell would be more comfortable in that Long Island home with a certain picture.



How G. W. Jones Swayed Social Customs

MRS. BURCHETT entered the office of the *Nilo Tooter* with an air of exhaustion and an exhaustion of air. The office of the *Tooter* was up two flights in the only three-story building in Kilo. The *Tooter* was edited by Mr. Geo. Washington Jones, who had newly arrived from the larger and more metropolitan center, Davenport. He proposed to run the *Tooter* along strictly fearless lines, payable in advance, without fear or favor, and cord wood taken at market rates in payment of all debts, public and private. Also to do a general job business, and get credit at the grocery story if possible.

Mrs. Burchett was a social leader in Kilo, and her favor meant much to the *Tooter* office. G. W. Jones was glad to hear her puffing him up, even if it was but actual puffing and not the metaphorical kind. Her ascent of the two flights meant business. He offered her a chair, and she took it with a grunt.

"You are welcome indeed," he cried, moving the office towel out of the way, "your presence fills the office with the sanction of—of—of—"

"I—" gasped Mrs. Burchett, "I came up—" (puff! puff!) "to get some calling cards printed." (whoo! puff! whoo!)

Unfortunately, G. W. Jones had not a card in stock. He knew they were never used in Kilo, where calls were usually made in gingham sunbonnets, but he felt that he must vindicate the *Tooter* office.

"My dear Mrs. Burchett," he said, "I have no cards. We have no cards, they have no cards. To speak plainly, calling cards are not used now. My correspondents among the elite of the East say that the calling card is now *nom de plume*, and utterly *robe de nuit*, as I might say. Conse-

quently the *Tooter* office, being in all things strictly up to date, has—"

"Well," said Mrs. Burchett, "I think it is funny, if that is the case—"

"Exactly," broke in the editor of the *Tooter*, "exactly so! *Callia est omnis divisa in partes tres*," as Browning says, meaning that customs come and customs go. The calling card has gone. It had its day, and has left this whirling sphere for aye—"

"Then why—" began Mrs. Burchett.

"Why?" cried G. W. Jones, "why?" Because there are always some antiquated, back-numbered olopods that hang onto things that have passed silently to the realm of the past perfect tense.

That is why. Yes, Mrs. Burchett, there may be a few lop-eared individuals who calmly hand around calling cards, but they should be ostracized and driven forth from good society. They should be *pomme de terre*, my good madam, turned down, if you please, and sat on."

"But—" ejaculated Mrs. Burchett.

"There is no 'but' about it," cried the *Tooter* man, warming to his subject. "No. There is no 'but' about it. Go where you will, the calling card is now the stamp of degradation. Even in the wilds of Africa the calling card is held in scorn. The sun hides his glowing face behind a cloud at sight of that dead corpse of a played-out custom, the calling card! Madam, when you entered, my trenchant pen was even at the point of writing a scathing article against the *aus-ge-spielt* calling card; an article that would echo around the world and heap a pile of scorn higher and heavier than the Pyramid of Cheops upon the grave of that contaminated essence of deadness, the calling card. Yes, Mrs. Burchett, I

value your patronage, and I am ready at all times to print sale notices, horse notices, envelopes, paper, and hand bills for you, but I, and in my person the spirit of the *Tooter*, refuse to lend ourselves to such an act of vulgarity as the printing of calling cards. Yes, madam, I stand here as the monitor of etiquette in Kilo, and standing thus I state, in tones that all may hear, that the user of calling cards should be a social outcast, a leper in society, a vagabond in the folds of the elite. Cast her out! Turn forth the vulgar person lest she contaminate you—"

"Well!" Mrs. Burchett managed to say, "I'm very much obliged for your little talk, and I'm sure after what you said I wouldn't think of wanting any cards."

With a magnificent bow G. W. Jones showed her to the stairs.

"Ah, ha!" he exclaimed as he entered his sanctum again, "that is the way to fix 'em. Just brass it out."

And then he went home for dinner.

"Old lady Burchett was up in the office," he said as he carved the round steak.

"Was she, dear?" said his wife as she picked a fly out of the cream jug. "I am glad she is going to smile on us, she is such a power here. I called yesterday, but she was not at home, so I left my card—"

The editor of the *Tooter* dropped his knife and fork.

"Mary," he said, "the editor and proprietor of the *Kilo Weekly Tooter* is a bald-headed, water-brained jackass!"

And the next week the *Tooter* bore this motto: "Some men are so sharp they ought not to be left alone with themselves for fear they will cut their own throats."

TICKLING the NATION

Humor—best ORIGINATED during "bright college years," but best APPRECIATED in the years that follow



Flap I—I'll never date with him again.
Flap II—Why not? He looks interesting enough.

Flap I—Well, it's this way—I asked him not to—

Flap II—Yes?

Flap I—And he didn't.

—*The Pitt Panther.*

△ △ △

Customer (paying milk bill)—Do you keep your cows in a pasture?

"Oh, yes, madam, we do," he answered truthfully.

"I'm so glad," she breathed, "I've heard that pasteurized milk is so much better."

—*Lehigh Burr.*

△ △ △

Famous actor makes will, asking that he be buried in an asbestos curtain.—*News Item.*
There's a reason.

—*The Pitt Panther.*

△ △ △

She was the last word in dress, King Tuts, puffs, carmine lips and cheeks aflame, glance cold, everything real but herself.

"Name, please," from long-suffering clerk.
"Alysse Smith, A-l-y-s-s-e."

"Yeh! And how are you doing your Smith now?"

—*Stanford Chaparral.*

△ △ △

She—I'd like to know the name of that girl I saw you with in Oakland last night.

He (unconsciously)—So would I.

—*The Pitt Panther.*

△ △ △

WHY LIMIT IT?

We heard a story the other day about an Allentown school teacher who sent home a little boy with a note to his mother suggesting that he be given a bath. The mother replied, "Tommy ain't no rose. Learn him, not smell him."

—*The Lehigh Burr.*

△ △ △

Maizie (trying to correct wrist-watch to new standard time)—I need to set it back an hour, isn't that right, Queenie?

Queenie—One hour, dear? I think that five years would be much better for you.

—*Yale Record.*

△ △ △

REMEMBERED SINCE THE WAR

Colored Rookie—I'd like to have a new pair of shoes. Suh.

Sergeant—Are your shoes worn out?

Rookie—Worn out! Man, the bottoms o' mah shoes am so thin, Ah ken step on a dime and tell whether it am heads or tails.

—*The Lehigh Burr.*

△ △ △

OLD MAN—WHY ALL THIS PROFANITY?

URCHIN—I'M TEACHING MY BROTHER WHAT NOT TO SAY.

—*Lord Jeff.*

△ △

A tenor made his debut recently assisted by quartet of Scotch bagpipers.—*News Item.*

That's like saying that a man was drowned, assisted by the Atlantic Ocean.

—*The Pitt Panther.*

△ △ △

Census Taker—How many children have you?

Housewife—Three.

C. T.—All together?

H. W.—Heavens, no!

One at a time.

—*Cougar's Paw.*

△ △ △

THE ROLL OF HUMOR

The largest number of contributions for July were selected from

The Juggler

(Notre Dame University)

Yellow Jacket

(Georgia Tech)

TRUTH AND POETRY

Man wants but little here below
He is not hard to please.

But every woman that we know
Wants everything she sees.

—*The Lehigh Burr.*

△ △ △

Freshman (waking up)—What was that?
Kind Lady—That was the conductor calling a station.

Freshman—What has the station done that he should call it such a hard name?

—*Yale Record.*

△ △ △

Hocus—Say, I think those English profs don't know very much.

Pocus—How come?

Hocus—Well, I saw some of them looking in the dictionary last week.

—*The Green Cander.*

△ △ △

"ARE YOU A GOOD DRIVER?"

"MOTOR, GOLF, CHARITY, PILE, OR SLAVE?"

—*Yale Record.*

△ △ △

"Herb, be altruistic and let me take your plus-fours."

"Sure, but why all the formalities?"

"I can't find them."

—*The Phoenix.*

No Doubt

Dum—Which side of the street do you live on?

Bell—On either side. If you go one way, it's on the right, and if you go the other way, it's on the left.

—*The Lehigh Burr.*

△ △ △

Infirm. Doc.—The patient may take a hard-boiled egg.

Infirm Student—Yeh, but the impatient have to take theirs soft.

—*Yale Record.*

△ △ △

EAST SIDE LIGHTS

Small Boy—Me fadder wants a nickel's wort' of ice cream.

Soda Clerk—Cone?

Small Boy—Naw—Rosenbaum.

—*Froth.*

△ △ △

STRATEGY

"I was awfully embarrassed this morning. I got a block from home before I noticed that I still had on bedroom slippers."

"What did you do?"

"I had to limp all the way back."

—*Sun Dodger.*

△ △ △

BURRO BELIEVES THAT THE ONLY REASON A DOCTOR ASKS A WOMAN TO HOLD OUT HER TONGUE IS TO GET A CHANCE TO WRITE A PRESCRIPTION.

—*The Lehigh Burr.*

△ △ △

Zionist—The earth is flat.

Modernist—The earth is round.

Pessimist—The earth is crooked.

—*Stanford Chaparral.*

△ △ △

A BITE IN TIME

They sat on the porch at mid-night.
And their lips were tightly pressed;

The old man gave the signal—

And the bull-dog did the rest.

—*The Lehigh Burr.*

△ △ △

I posted the editor oodles of jokes

I had gleaned from both jester and bard.
When I dropped in to ask if he'd gotten them yet

He said "No, but I'm trying right hard."

—*The Phoenix.*

△ △ △

Vendor (to railroad passenger)—Here are some fine postcard views, taken along our railroad. Would you like some of them?

Passenger—I should say not! I have my own views about this railroad.

—*Yale Record.*

Wife—Did you have a pleasant trip, John?
John—Naw—had a puncture. Ran over a bottle and punctured a tire.

Wife—Couldn't you see the bottle, John?

John—No. It was in the kid's pocket.
—*The Green Gander.*

▲ ▲ ▲

"SO YOU'VE BEEN ON A RANCH, LOU,
HAVE YOU EVER 'PLAYED' A STEER?"

"NO, BUT I'VE PLAYED THE REAR
PART OF A CAMEL ON THE STAGE."

—*The Phoenix.*

▲ ▲ ▲

History Prof.—Can you tell us about Bonar Law.

Student—I don't remember when that law was passed.

—*The Green Gander.*

▲ ▲ ▲

The shades of night were falling fast.

When for a kiss he asked her;
She must have answered yes, because—

The shades came down still faster.

—*The Lehigh Burr.*

▲ ▲ ▲

A DIFFERENCE

Rude—Who was that homely dame we just passed?

Spude—Homely dame! Her dad's worth a half million.

Rude—Gee, she's a keen looker, ain't she?

—*Cougar's Paw.*

▲ ▲ ▲

PERRY—THAT BOY LOOKS LIKE A MUSICAL SORT OF FISH.

DICK—HE IS—HE'S A PIANO TUNA.

—*Froth.*

▲ ▲ ▲

Boss—JACK, I WISH YOU'D STOP THAT SINGING WHILE YOU WORK.

OFFICE BOY—OH, I AIN'T WORKING NOW, BOSS—JEST SINGIN'.

—*Juggler.*

▲ ▲ ▲

Fond Parent to Abie—How much is two times two?

Abie—Six.

F. P.—No, Abie, that's wrong. The answer is four.

Abie—I knowed the answer, fadder, but I wanted to see you bargain.

—*Jack-o-lantern.*

▲ ▲ ▲

INVARIABLY

He—Girls are better-looking than men.

She—Why, naturally.

He—No, artificially.

—*The Lehigh Burr.*

▲ ▲ ▲

Jealous Wife—Norah, do you know anything of my husband's whereabouts?

Maid—Couldn't say for sure, mum, but maybe they're in the wash!

—*Juggler.*

▲ ▲ ▲

Some curious people I have found
That think Love makes the world go round,
Poor fools! They don't have brains enough
to know.

Love makes them dizzy and they just think
so.

—*Froth.*

AT THE STATION

Captain—What is he charged with, Casey?

Officer—I don't know exactly what the name for it is, sir, but I found him flirting in the park.

Captain—Oh, I see, impersonating an officer.

—*Jack-o-lantern.*

▲ ▲ ▲

"WHAT IS A MONOLOGUE?"

"A MONOLOGUE IS A CONVERSATION
BETWEEN A HUSBAND AND WIFE!"

—*Yellow Jacket.*

▲ ▲ ▲

OH MY, YES?

Flo—Joe, what is a caterpillar?

Joe—It is an upholstered worm.

—*The Lehigh Burr.*

▲ ▲ ▲

Proud Mother—My son works long hours
for nine months at Penn State.

Not So Proud Ma—Mine works long hours
all year at State pen.

—*Puppet.*

▲ ▲ ▲

It's King Tut pearls.

It's King Tut watch.

It's even King Tut ring;

It's King Tut hose.

It's King Tut clothes.

It's King Tut everything.

Now you have heard.

And I have heard

Our modern woman rave;

From what I see,

She'll soon have me

Inhabiting a cave.

—*Froth.*

▲ ▲ ▲

Spink—Say, boss, kin I get off four weeks
from today? I want to go to my uncle's
funeral.

The Boss—Is the poor fellow dead?

Spink—No, but he knows he can't live.

Boss—Strange man; sets the day for his
funeral.

Spink—Oh, he didn't do that, boss; the
judge did!

—*Puppet.*

▲ ▲ ▲

He laughs with glee, but inwardly

He'd really like to holler;

His wife went through his pockets—but

She overlooked a dollar

—*Awgwan.*

▲ ▲ ▲

He (Jumping little brother)—Your sister's
spoiled.

Buttermilk—Naw she ain't! It's that perfume
you sent her.

—*Yellow Jacket.*

▲ ▲ ▲

Gass—Heard that you were engaged.

O'Leen—Yeah—two weeks.

Gass—Kissed her yet?

O'Leen—No, but I think I could.

—*The Phoenix.*

▲ ▲ ▲

Dying Man—I bequeath all my property
to my wife on condition that she marries
again within a year.

Lawyer—Why do you say that?

Dying Man—I want someone to be sorry
I died.

—*Yale Record.*

SAFE

Rastus—What yo all doin' wif dat pen 'n
paper, Sambo?

Sambo—Ise guine t' write mah Liza Jane.

Rastus—Co 'long, Midnight, yo' caint
write!

Sambo—Ats all right, Alligator Bait,
Liza Jane cain't read!

—*The Lehigh Burr.*

▲ ▲ ▲

Dolly—He wrote me that when he graduates
he will settle down and marry the
sweetest girl in the world.

Kitty—How horrid of him when he is
already engaged to you.

—*Yale Record.*

▲ ▲ ▲

Critic—What's that?

Nutty Artist—That's a picture of the
Israelites crossing the Red Sea.

Critic—Where is the sea?

Nutty Artist—Oh! that's parted.

Critic—Well, where are the people?

Nutty Artist—A-ah, they haven't got
there yet.

—*Cougar's Paw.*

▲ ▲ ▲

BAIT

Fish in the ocean,

Fish in the sea,

Hair waves and hair nets

Made a fish out of me.

—*The Pitt Panther.*

▲ ▲ ▲

SMILE AND THE WORLD SMILES WITH
YOU: DON'T, AND YOUR TEETH ARE
FALSE.

—*The Green Gander.*

▲ ▲ ▲

The other night
We attended a
Wooden Wedding anniversary.

The menu consisted

Of plank steak

Potato chips,

Club sandwiches,

And cabinet pudding

Wooden that jar you?

—*Froth.*

▲ ▲ ▲

"Fanny Finch fried five fish for Frances
Fowler's father."

If large-mouthed girls will repeat this
sentence enough times and with sufficient
rapidity, their mouths will grow smaller.
If it gets too monotonous, you can turn it
around and let "Frances fry five fish for
Fannie's father."

—*The Lehigh Burr.*

▲ ▲ ▲

A BLACK DEED

There was a fellow

Who saw a keen girl

With a form like Venus D, etc.

And stockings like

Coles Philips paints.

He followed her

For a couple of blocks

Then she turned around

And he saw that

Her face was

Black as coal.

But he didn't care

Because his was

Black Too.

—*The Green Gander.*

TOO SOON

THE postmistress of the small Iowa town sat reading the post-cards and chewing Spearmint.

A tall young man in blue overalls approached the window.

"Nothin' fer me?" he asked.

"No."

"Nothin' fer maw?"

"No."

"Nothing fer paw?"

"No."

"Nothin' fer Aunt Jane?"

"No."

"Nothin' fer Uncle Bill?"

"No."

"Nothin' fer Sister Sue?"

"No."

"Nothin' fer Brother Ned?"

"No, nothing for your family at all."

"Well, say," he said, "some o' us ought ter hev hed a post-card from grand-pap in Chicago today. He said sure he'd write soon ez he got ther an' tell about Uncle Henry's weddin'."

The postmistress glared at the young farmer angrily for moment.

"See here," she said, "I ain't near got to that post-card, ef there is one. You come in tomorrow, an' ef I'm done reading 't by that time, you can get it. I'm nearly three days behind or 'em."

And as he went out she said to herself: "Some folks don't seem to 'preciate the cares o' public life!"

—E. P. B.

Taming the Terror

Continued from page 134

had shouted itself breathless, and comparative quiet ensued.

Pat waited until the last skirt had followed the only pair of trousers up the narrow stairway, and then approached the lynx. The lynx promptly charged. Down went Pat, with a hundred pounds of wildcat chewing and clawing at his armored head and shoulders. He tried to hold the creature in his arms, but the creature wriggled free. Finally his right gauntlet found and fastened itself about one of the big cat's hind legs. The lynx's voice filled the air with ear-splitting protests; the lynx's teeth and claws clattered about his breastplate; but Pat held on.

"What's the matter wid ye?" roared the armored animal-trainer. "Sure, do ye think ye can make a meal on an iron pot and a tin coal-scuttle?"

The lynx, evidently concluding that it couldn't, tried to escape. Pat, still holding onto its leg, anchored it fast. Another furious melee followed, during which Pat's other gauntlet found and grasped a front paw. He got to his knees, dragged the half-exhausted beast from his neck, and stretched its body across the broad front of his cuirass.

"Nice kitty-cat!" he panted. "Sure, it's too much to expect ye to bite a stove-lid in two!"

The cat made one final furious attempt to do just that; but Pat subdued it and carried it over to the cage it had left. He pushed it in, crawled in after it, and sat down on the cage floor. The lynx crawled to the far corner and laid down. It had nothing to say.

"If ye had a tail, sure it 'ud be a-draggin'!" remarked the victor. "I'm thinkin' it'll be some time before ye spit and snarl at your betters again!"

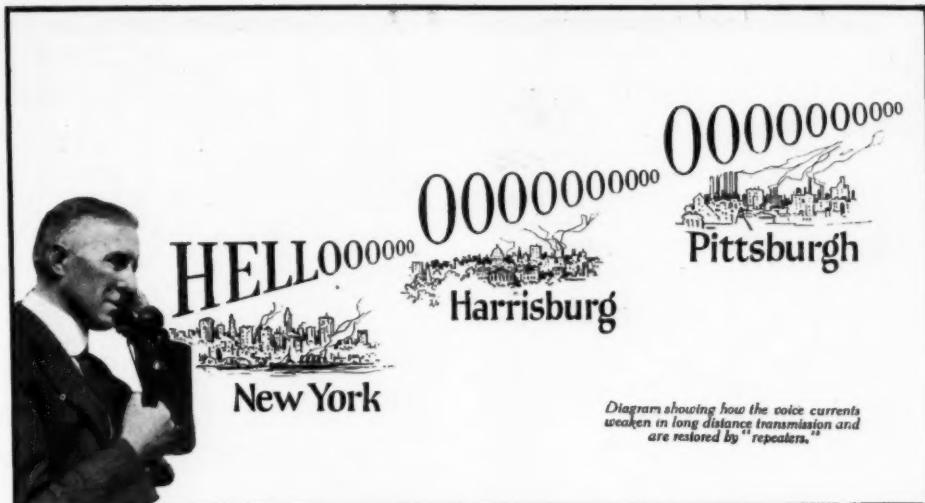


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finding of new ways to overcome them. Each step in extending the range of speech has come only after years of study. Each important piece of telephone apparatus has had to be created for the need. Each working day this pioneering goes on. Nature is harnessed to a new duty and mechanical ingenuity improves the tools of service, as fast as science finds the way.

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"O Mr. Sullivan," called Miss Mulvaney, from the top of the stairway, "are ye hurt?"

"Faith, not in the laste!" replied Pat. "Ye can tell thim all to come down now. I've pit the frowlin' terror in his cage, and I'm sittin' here enjo' in' a little visit with 'im! I'm just after pullin' his whiskers and pattin' his head gentle as any lamb!"

The "Lambaster"

Continued from page 118

"So they are going to prosecute, are they? Well, let 'em prosecute and be hanged," and the old gentleman put up so stiff a front that those who came to curse, while they did not exactly remain to pray, still had their enthusiasm for war very perceptibly dampened after an interview with the outspoken old gentleman.

Happily that night the big Water Street fire broke out, and the consequent excitement and interest was such that the affairs of the "Lambaster" were allowed to drift into forgetfulness.

A few days later the three boys sat in Plupy's barn lunching delicately on cookies, doughnuts, cocoanut cakes, raw cocoanut, taffy and gooseberries.

"Telyer what, fellers," said Plupy, "th' ain't any chance for a feller to do anything good in this world; every time he tries it he gets lammed in the neck. Might jest as well be a pirut."

"Thasso, Plupy," said Pewt, mumbling a huge gooseberry, "or a highway robber. Whadjer say, Beany?"

"Pass that cocoanut over here, will yer? Do you fellers want it all?" demanded Beany.

"Aw!" said Pewt.

"Aw!" assented Plupy.

SPEAKING OF WEATHER

WHEN I was a boy an' lived in Iowa," said Uncle Joshua, "we use'ter have storms that meant business. None of yer little two-cent, asthmatic, dropsical kind of April showers, but genuine old ring-peelers that use ter come erlong early in th' mornin' an' stay ter supper.

"First there'd be a little grumblin' sound off ter the so'west, an' maybe a flash or two of lightnin'. Then th' chickens'd kinder squint up at th' clouds an' shake their heads sorter solemn like an' sneak off toward th' barn, and th' cat'd come inter th' house an' get under th' stove. Then about th' time we'd get everything in snug an' th' grindstun tied ter a tree, th' thunder'd begin ter roll back and forth 'cross th' prairie, an' th' lightnin' ter frisk 'round in th' dooryard like two kittens.

"Then th' rain'd come. We use ter call it rain then, but folks nowadays'd say it was a flood. Why, I've seen it fill our well six feet above th' top in less'n three minutes. Yes, sir, th' water'd come down so fast that th' ducks could swim right up inter th' air.

"An' talk erabout wind. Th' hired man left an axe stickin' in a log one day an' th' wind blew the handle out; an' one poor foolish rooster that didn't know any better, flew up onter the fence an' crowed an' flapped his wings an' a little puff of wind came frolickin' erlong an' blew all his feathers inter him. Yes, jest left th' ends stickin' out.

"I had a dog I used ter think a heap of. He was th' knowinest dog I ever see, but he got fooled at last. He was out huntin' gophers one day when a storm came erlong sudden like an' caught him 'fore he could get ter th' house. He was on th' last stretch when th' wind reached him an' blew him through a hole in th' fence. Th' hole was several sizes too small fer him an' he'd always prided himself on being a pure-blooded shepherd, so I s'pose 'twas natural fer him ter feel kinder slighted like at bein' turned inter one of those deucedly homely daschunds.

"But I was er goin' ter tell yer how it use ter rain. One year it was so wet that all th' chickens hatched out had web feet like ducks, an' th' fields was so muddy we had ter turn 'em all over an' plant th' under side.

"Yes, sir, that was a awful wet season, an' no mistake. We had ter shovel roads through th' water, an' th' sun came out so hot that th' steam from th' ground cooked all th' apples on th' trees an' made scrumptious apple sass an' fillin' fer pies."

—M. L. O.



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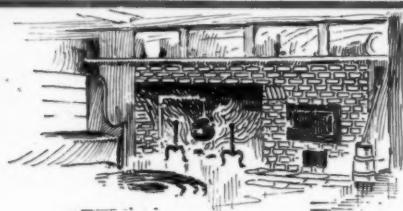
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Laura Lackalad's Loves

or The Quest of the Perfect Male

By JAMES MCLEOD

LOVELY Laura Lackalad was in the maze of a complex; although a lavish Nature had given her a large heart and a beautiful countenance, along with a bright mind, she was midway between anger and tears; by all the rules suitors should have abounded. Pa was dropping a word now and then, and Ma had given many a genteel hint. Nevertheless, Lovely Laura had dallied through many seasons and still was an unclaimed treasure. Yet she had all the big four essentials: pep, bean, front and kale were hers; that is, Pa had oodles of kale and she was the only child. In addition, she had family tradition; once her own mother had seen her grandfather.

Finally, Lovely Laura Lackalad took on psychology and made her wish. It had been made plain to her that inasmuch as mind created matter, all she must do was to think hard and make her wish come true in the flesh. As she lay on her couch, it all was revealed. Concentrating with a great effort, our heroine soon saw a figure and heard a voice. The form took shape as Daniel Quincy Cupid his own self, and his voice was low, limpid and languid. Laura was as dead to the world as the voice spoke:

"Your mate awaits you, but you must seek him. He is perfection—rich, gentle, kind and a Beau Brummel, and his heart is weak. He was made for you. Seek him . . . seek him . . . seek him," insisted the voice as the form receded into shadow and faded.

With the dawn, Lovely Laura took up the quest for the perfect male. Over social precipices she leaped with the precision of the mountain goat and the speed of the antelope. Once she was quite certain she had found the Lucky Lad. But he proved to be the wearer of a glass eye, perambulated a toupee and lived on an allowance from auntie. And Lovely Laura was on her way.

She took up her sandal straps another hole, as she sped after a figure lurking and dodging in the fastnesses of the Country Club. Barely had she reached him and fished for the bee to pin upon his manly bosom when a grim-visaged dame yelled at him, "Henry, where have you been? And who, pray, is this person?" as she leveled a lorgnette and gazed with high hauteur at our heroine. Lovely Laura fled, dropping, in her haste, her southwest hosiery. "Darn these married men's wives," she bellowed, as she stumbled. "Why don't they bell them?"

Next our fair heroine sighted a wayfarer who looked as if he might be the fore-ordained one. She explained her mission, in a maidenly way, quite naive and demure, and expressed the hope that he, mayhap, was the person awaiting her. But the mucker derided her when he found she was in her tenth season without a ring. For a moment, Lovely Laura, agile and athletic, forgot she was a lady, and tripped him into some beautiful poison ivy. Heedless of his supplications, she was gone.

Disguised as a Mute Appeal, she sought the church, at which a convention of young clergy was in session. She decorously applauded many long speeches, but it was like seeking to lure August trout with April worms.

Two years passed, but our heroine's steps never lagged; for had she not been visited? Hope

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lingered, at times slumbered a little, but in the main kept step with the procession. Then came inspiration! It was no mere hunch! The form of D. Q. Cupid suddenly leaped from the roadside bushes, and pointed. Her gaze turned, and she saw the cemetery gate ajar.

Following her star with light heart, she was aroused by hearing a deep sigh. She followed the receding sound waves with her keen eye, and sure enough! Right ahead of her, at a freshly-made heap of turf, she saw the kneeling form of a man, moaning. "Oh, Lizzie, Lizzie, where shall I find your equal?" he wailed.

Instantly disguising herself as a Comforting Angel, Lovely Laura, now thirty-six, gently extended her arm and lightly touched the mourner on his weather cheek. He was trans-

fixed as she whispered softly, "Right here, dear, right here."

Six days later he awoke on the fifth day of the honeymoon. So certain was Laura that her guide knew his business that she had caused the Perfect Male, while still under the control and influence, to make over everything to her and sign a blank check for the roll. His amazement was so great that he stared twice, gasped thrice, and touched the bucket with his toes, vigorously if involuntarily, and became in literal fact, the Perfect Male.

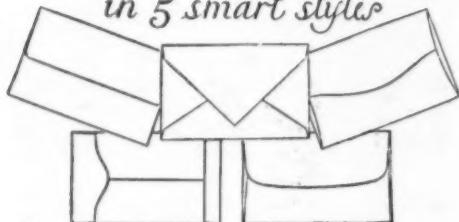
Lovely Laura is lovelier than ever in black with white trimmings, and has as many trailers as a flivver truck on a garden sass route.

And all because she did not scoff at Science, nor jeer when she heard the Voice.

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DON'T SNIFFLE AND WHINE, BUT—

JUST take down the old Book and read the story of Job. Perhaps in a general way you have an idea of who he was and what he did, and what happened to him. The man who worries and frets and who at times almost is inclined to throw up the sponge and admit he is beaten, should lose no time in reading that remarkable story of a man who had real afflictions. Family troubles, personal sickness, poor business, slow collections, false friends, and more human misery than you ever heard of, to park in the front yard of any man, visited Job. He had the usual sidewalk committee; some crepe-hangers, and even his own wife, suggested he "curse God and die." Job didn't. He hung on. He heard the debate over his case. He heard level-headed old Eliphaz ask one of the pessimistic advisers as told in verses 2 and 3 of chapter 15, "Should a wise man utter vain knowledge, and fill his belly with the east wind? Should he reason with unprofit-

able talk? Or with speeches wherewith he can do no good?" Job absorbed the sound advice, and in that strengthening, valor-reviving 38th chapter we are told how God "answered Job out of the whirlwind" and said "Gird up now thy loins, like a man." Job did as he was bid. Literally, he girded his loins, and played the man. No sniffing, no whining, no whimpering or babyish babbling for sympathy. His troubles melted away; his health was restored; his vision cleared and he understood the entire Divine philosophy: fear God, naught beside—and play the man, ever and always in all things. Avoid east wind wisdom, and gird up the loins, *like a man.*"

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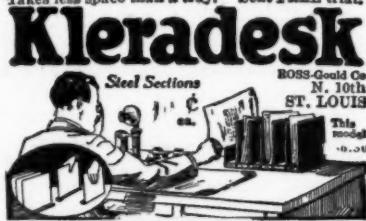
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as *Princess Mary* in "When Knighthood Was In Flower"

MINERALAVA as an Aid to Beauty

by Hector Fuller

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the outer one was constantly flaking and falling away. This made it clear that only a product of Nature like Mineralava that aided in the process of building up, nourishing and making pure the under skin, would result in the perfect complexion.

Mineralava makes the skin well nourished, and a well nourished skin never ages. Lines, and wrinkles, sagging muscles, oily and dry skin, sallowness, enlarged pores, coarse texture, blackheads—all are due to "Skin-Malnutrition."

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